National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. Without Concealment—Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, COR. EDITORS.

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The Southern Press.

PROSPECTS OF THE WHIG PARTY.

IT is well known that the leading Whig paper in New York, *The Tribune*, is opposed to the meeting of a National Whig Convention, fearing, should one assemble, that it "will do more harm than good," by requiring of Gen. SCOTT, its favourite candidate, declarations in favour of the Compromise, in which event the "Whig party will be blown to atoms." The Northern wing will submit to no such terms, even at the hazard of losing the support of the Southern Whigs. On the other hand, some few of the Southern Whig papers sternly contend that the South should have no part in any such body. We confess the number is but few, however. Among them is the *Chronicle & Sentinel*, of Augusta, which has "no idea that either of the Democratic or Whig Conventions will adopt any sound resolutions in relation to the Compromise and Slavery." It announces its plan of campaign as follows:

"The South, if she should act in concert, has the power in her own hands, and could elect her own President without difficulty. But there are too many local aspirants for place, the only hope for whose success, in the estimation of their friends, is in adhering to their old party organizations. Hence we see such expressions of confidence as those of the Tennessee Convention, issuing from various sections of the South.

"Suppose the fourteen Southern States should unite, and cast their votes for any one candidate. Such a thing might readily be done, by nominating a reliable man upon the Compromise question, and of enlarged, liberal, and conservative views, in relation to other questions that have hitherto divided parties. Does any man suppose, that with the vote of fourteen States (the election in the House), he would be defeated? Such a result could scarcely be possible, when the other seventeen States would be divided necessarily between two other candidates."

The Petersburg (Va.) *Intelligencer* republishes the above with commendation, and adds that its own impression is that "it would be unwise in the Whig party of the South to come to any definite conclusion as to whether or not they will be represented in the Convention. The Whig Convention, we hope, will not meet at an early day, and, in the mean time, there may be developments which will determine conclusively what is the true policy of the Whigs of the South. Of one thing, however, we are very well assured—that the Whigs of the South, whether represented in the Convention or not, will vote for no candidate, no matter by whom nominated, *who will not come out with an emphatic endorsation of the Compromise, and a distinct pledge to resist the doctrine of Intervention.*" The *Intelligencer* is of course levelling its artillery at Gen. SCOTT, but it no doubt now sees with mortification the symptoms of surrender on the part of Southern Whigs, which are apparent to a man with half an eye. The declarations to be met with in Whig papers that Gen. SCOTT, while acting as Secretary of War, was in favour of the passage of the Compromise, are not made for nothing. They are the straws which determine the direction of the mind—by and by we shall hear the rushing of the tornado.

But let us take a glance at the Northern position of the Whig party, and see how they treat these declarations of their Southern brethren. The Washington correspondent of *The Tribune*, whose position is such as to enable him to determine the extent of the difference between the wings of the party, complains that the Whigs of the Southern States "imagine that no candidate will serve the purpose of uniting and carrying the party, unless he make protestation in advance that he is a 'Compromise man;' which means, in other words, that he is a firm supporter of the existing Fugitive Slave Law." The writer then adds:

"Now so long as the Southern Whigs hold on to this conviction, just so long can there be no union of the Northern and Southern Whigs on a Presidential candidate; and of course, considering the political complexion of the House, there can be no election of a Whig President. And thus it comes that the Fugitive Slave Law stands in the way of that result.

"It is well known that the Northern Whigs, as well as all parties at the North, entertain a great repugnance to the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law. Any law for returning runaway negroes would be disgraceful enough, but the existing law is especially and justly odious. For this reason, *no Whig Presidential candidate can hope to carry a single Northern State, if he were to run as the especial advocate and supporter of that law; in a word, and softly speaking, if he were to run as a 'Compromise candidate.'*

"But there is no reasonable doubt of the ability of Gen. Scott to carry every Northern State that went for Gen. Taylor, with the addition of Ohio, into the bargain, if he were to run without reference to this issue. Such is the conviction of the best informed men from all those States. All that is wanted to insure a moral certainty of his election, therefore, is the support of the Southern Whig States.

"And so it becomes a question solely for Southern Whigs to decide whether or not we shall have a Whig President at the next election. If they insist upon incorporating such a new and ridiculous test in the code of the Whig party as (not adherence to the Constitution, nor adherence to a proper Fugitive Slave Law even) the support of a certain specific, existing, defective, repulsive law, then it is inevitable that the Whig party is sundered and defeated."

The same organ, in view of the irreconcilable hostility of the Northern Whigs to the Fugitive Slave Law—which must be known to the leaders of the party in the Southern States—looks confidently to the abandonment of the "ridiculous test." He says:

"But we have faith to believe that the Whigs of the South will, in good time, see and acknowledge the impossibility that the Whig party can run a Presidential candidate, on the narrow and mean issue of adherence to the letter of the Fugitive Slave Law; and cease to intimate that such a course is essential to success in the South. We shall be slow to believe that any Gordian knot attaches the Whig party to any such chariot as this. But if it be so, we are ready for the sword of any political Alexander which shall cut it."

What say the Southern Whigs to this brow-beating by the Free Soil majority of Whiggery North? Why, nothing. True, a few in Georgia and elsewhere threaten to secede and set up for themselves, but it happens to be in States where the defeat of Gen. SCOTT, is a foregone conclusion; whereas, in States where the faithful can make fight with a reasonable prospect of success, as in Tennessee, Kentucky, North Carolina, &c., they not only frown on all "Secessionists," but promise to "do their utmost," in the language of the Kentucky resolutions, "*for* ANY NOMINEE of the Whig National Convention." This shows that the Sewardites have but to remain firm in order to carry their point. They can dictate terms to their *confreres* South, and they know it, and hence it is that the nomination of Gen. SCOTT may be regarded as a thing fixed. The cowardly attitude of the Southern Whigs only tends to embolden the friends of SCOTT. Being in a minority, and having withal a love for the spoils, they raise but a weak and at the same time equivocal remonstrance against the measures of the Free Soilers, and the result must and will be their total overthrow. Henceforward, unless there is a mighty reaction on their part, the Whigs of the South will be nothing more than hewers of wood and drawers of water to the Free Soil majority of their party in the free States. There is only one escape for them that we can discover, and that is a union with the Southern Democracy. There is now comparatively nothing that separates the two parties. The tariff is fixed on the Democratic basis of Free Trade, and the other leading measures of Democratic policy are satisfactory to the majority of the Southern Whigs; and we really can see no reason why they should not unite with us. Southern Whigs and Democrats united, can always keep the Northern Democratic party where it now stands—we can control the Government and restrain it from any improper interference with the rights of the States, and thus secure and perpetuate an economical and Republican administration, and with it all the blessings of a good Government, to our posterity. Acting with us, their talents and influence will be felt and respected, whereas, as a branch of the *Whig* party, they must of necessity be controlled and absorbed by the Northern wing, because the strength of the party is in the North.—*The* (Tallahassee) *Floridian and Journal.*

OUR TRUE POLICY.

WHAT that may be is a difficult point to decide. Various are the opinions which we see shadowed forth, rather than distinctly expressed, in reference to the policy by which we, as Carolinians, should be guided at this unpleasant juncture of history. We will be pardoned if, among the rest, we hazard a few thoughts upon this important subject.

The people of South Carolina, by an unmistakeable vote, have decided that, under present circumstances, it is utterly inexpedient for us to hoist the colours of a separate independency. With this decision in full view, our existant Convention will not, of course, take any steps which might lead us into an attitude so distinctly repudiated. To suppose them capable of doing anything of the sort, is to attribute to them the licentious spirit of reckless revolutionists. Presumptuous and unfounded must be the suspicions which have been insinuated, in this point of view, against this honourable and honest body of men. Secession by South Carolina alone, on the score of wrongs heretofore endured, is numbered and filed away in the archives of the past. We deeply regret the circumstances of division and distraction at home which have brought the State to this position; for we ever had, and have still, a firm confidence in the feasibility and power of separate State action. But as we have said, the mandate of the sovereign people of this commonwealth has gone forth—and, for the time being, that remedy is not to be considered.

Nor do we think, with the present condition of things in South Carolina, that any half-way measures, such as were sketched out by some of our politicians last year, should now be ventured upon. Because, in the first place, those measures, properly understood, are nothing less than incipient steps towards the condemned policy of State action. And, in the second place, they are too weak and inefficient to command the confidence and support of either party. It would, therefore, be both dangerous and useless to press forward any thing of the sort at this time.

Again, we cannot find any reasons to recommend this thing of South Carolina playing "Achilles in his tent"—drawing herself within her shell, like a box-terrapin, in sullen obstinacy, while every other Southern sister is wide awake and struggling, with commendable zeal, to make the best of a hard case. It is neither philosophical, nor is it in accordance with the spirit of the age to fall back thus upon an empty and unavailing dignity. The days are gone by when a proud people could strike their oppressors with terror by a lofty but quiescent indignation. The world has become eminently practical and singularly impervious to those generous impulses of honour and justice which, history says, have heretofore influenced men and nations to noble and disinterested concessions. Nothing now can be expected from the interposition of a barren right, unaccompanied by a determination to maintain it resolutely or perish in the attempt—nothing but the sneers and contempt of far the greater portion of mankind. These remarks, when applied to the case of our long boasted State, become more sadly truthful than any devoted son of hers is disposed to admit—Yes—she has at length become a by-word for enraged impotency—and, since the woeful termination of last year's domestic strife, she is indeed looked upon by a majority of her confederates as being little better than a fretful community of childish Hotspurs, who live by the stimulus of an occasional quarrel, in which the tongue and pen are the only weapons to be apprehended. Had the policy of the Secessionists prevailed, by a majority sufficient to have rendered our action indisputably the action of an almost united people, far different would have been the estimation placed upon the character of South Carolina. But, as it is, we much fear that her influence has been vastly diminished, if not completely annulled. It is in view of this apprehension, that we speak of her as a glaring illustration of the utter stupidity of a State's standing aloof in moody apathy, while the world around is in a race for the mastery, paying no more attention to the fumings of little Carolina than eager travellers would to the dull smoke of a newly capsized steam-engine. This may seem to be a digression, merely for the purpose of venting a little spleen against those who defeated the energetic and manly action, advised by the so-called Fire-eaters of '51. Far from it. We have not the slightest ill-will towards any individual for having acted thus. But we think all must now admit that South Carolina's moral influence has suffered a terrible declension, since the certainty has gone forth to her enemies that she is not to be feared, and to her friends, that she is not to be looked to as a leader. If this be so, how imperious the necessity which now calls upon her to leave her tent of imbecility—to gird on her armour, and step forth "into the ring" where all the rest of her associates are actively striving for the advantages. Unless she does this, there is no other fate in store for her than to be spoken of, by coming generations, as an impracticable little State, ever boasting of rights which she never dared maintain, and making an excuse of her indignation to avoid an equal participation in the cares and disquietudes of the American Republic.

From the foregoing remarks it may be seen that we are inclined to the opinion that, inasmuch as Carolina chivalry is in a shocking decline at this particular time, we should make Carolina shrewdness felt, both in the affairs of the American Government and in the commerce of the world. We should bend all our energies to the great work of enhancing the wealth and general prosperity of our State and people. Seeing that it is scarcely possible for us, at present, to assume an attitude of independence, we should labour, with patriotic ambition, to bring about the time when it will be the manifest interest of others to show us that forbearance which they never will yield at the bidding of Justice and Right. To this end, liberal encouragement should be given, by legislative enactment, to all undertakings which are likely to increase the happiness and affluence of every grade of our population. It should be the study of every one, whose influence may be felt in the civil administration of our State Government, to make that government subservient, as far as possible, to the advancement of our wealth and consequent importance among the members of the great American League; especially since it has been settled, by our own decision, that we are no longer prepared, as a Sovereign State, to become the exponent and champion of high principle. We should do every thing that lies within the compass of our ability, to make our State once more an object of respect to the world around. Thus would she speedily become the home of enterprise and skill, and of every variety of progress, as she has heretofore been the land of the brave and the generous. Nor should we do ought to deteriorate these latter virtues. While circumstances might enable us to assimilate, in point of wealth, to the condition of our Northern sisters, we need not on that account cease to train our children to the practice of the old Carolina virtues. While we might find it to be our true policy to take an active part in the affairs of the central government, we need not on that account cease to keep before the rising generation a faithful delineation of that government's past enormities and of its tendency to despotic rule. While we are compelled to submit to the past, it should be emblazoned upon our banner that we thereby relinquish no particle of our sovereignty—but are determined to continue its assertion before mankind, until the day shall come when our people shall be prepared to proclaim with united voice, "We are ready to defend it upon the battle-field." That this day may speedily arrive, we earnestly pray. In the meantime, what we have suggested in the foregoing remarks occurs to us as being our best policy for the present. If that day of determination and high resolve shall never come, our exertions will at least have made us pecuniarily independent. But if it should arrive, then may we perhaps go forward with the glorious shout bursting from our united and unwavering ranks! "Now do we feel and know that we are *animis opibusque parati!*"—*Edgefield* (*S. C.*) *Advertiser.*

THE FUGITIVE LAW AND THE NORTHERN WHIGS.

THE following tabular statement of the votes given in the last Congress on the fugitive slave bill by the representatives of *nine* of the Northern States, presents the attitude of the two great parties on that question in a clear light. We copy the table as we find it in a speech recently delivered in the House of Representatives by the Hon. Mr. Riddle, of Delaware, remarking that it should be corrected in the statement of the vote given by the delegation from Mass.—Mr. Eliott, a whig member of that delegation for the Boston district, having voted *for the bill.* This correction is made by Mr. Riddle in a note appended to his speech.

It will be observed that the table embraces all those States of the North in which the Whig party is most powerful—the delegations in the last Congress from the States enumerated being *Whig*, when taken collectively, in the proportion of about *four to one.*

Tabular statement of votes on the Fugitive Slave Law, politically classified.

	Present		For the bill.		Ag't bill.	
	D.	W.	D.	W.	D	W
Maine . . .	5	1	3	–	2	1
New Hampshire	2	1	2	–	–	1
Vermont . .	–	3	–	–	–	3
Massachusetts .	–	4	–	–	–	4
Rhode Island .	–	2	–	–	–	2
Connecticut .	–	3	–	–	–	3
New York . .	2	21	1	–	1	21
New Jersey . .	1	2	1	–	–	2
Pennsylvania .	6	10	6	–	–	10
Totals . . .	16	47	13	–	3	47

This table, it will be seen, takes no account of the *absentees* of the several delegations. Of the *sixty-three* members present, and voting, *forty-seven* were Whigs, and only *sixteen* were Democrats. Correcting for Mr. Eliott's vote, it appears that, of the *forty-seven* Whigs, *forty-six* voted against the bill, and *one* voted for it. Of the *sixteen* Democrats, *thirteen* voted for the bill, and *three* against it.

Look now at the *absentees* of these delegations. The States enumerated had in all *ninety-two* members in the House. Of these, *seventy* were Whigs, and only *twenty-two* Democrats. Of these *ninety* members, *twenty-nine* failed to vote. Of these *twenty-nine* "dodgers," *twenty-four* were Whigs and *five* were Democrats. Thus it appears that, from these nine States, *fifteen* Whigs to *one* Democrat voted *against* the bill, and *five* Whigs to *one* Democrat *dodged* the vote.

These facts speak plainly as to the disposition of the Whig party in these States to maintain the Compromise measures as adopted by Congress.

It should in this connection be remembered that of the Whig party in all these States, General Scott is the preferred candidate for the Presidency, on the *single condition* that he *shall give no pledge* to maintain the fugitive law. Considering that these nine States furnish about *two-thirds* of the whole Whig party in Congress, it is by no means wonderful that the Southern Whigs are just now in great doubt and tribulation about taking without pledges a Presidential nominee at the hands of such party allies. —*Washington Union.*

GEN. SCOTT AND THE SOUTHERN WHIGS.

THE claims of the various candidates for the Presidency are being discussed with considerable warmth in the papers. The rising prospects of Gen. Scott have excited the alarm of the friends of Webster and Fillmore—and a grand mass meeting of the supporters of Webster is soon to be held in the city of New York. The probable nomination of Gen. Scott is becoming a bitter dose to the Southern Whigs, who, with a remarkable unanimity, go for the re-nomination of Mr. Fillmore. They appear at present very averse to swallowing Gen. Scott, though time and necessity will, doubtless, bring the leaders, as in 1840 and in 1848, to the support of the "candidate from New Jersey," as the free-soil whigs style Gen. Scott, in tendering him to the South, as the only hope of whiggery. The *Leesburg* (Va.) *Washingtonian*—the organ of the whiggery of old Federal Loudoun, the very strong-hold of whiggery, in this State—makes no bones of its aversion to Gen. Scott, who comes before the South under most sinister auspices. It well says that "Gen. Scott, judging from present indications, can receive but little aid South of Mason and Dixon's line. Upon the field we feel proud of him, and rejoice that we have one who has covered our arms with so much glory, but we should regret to see the present Executive sacrificed, for one who has as yet won so little civic renown. Gen. S. has been heralded forth under decidedly unfavourable auspices, and we believe the South will never follow the lead of Seward & Co. Fillmore as our standard bearer, and success may be attained."

Brownlow of the *Knoxville Whig*, once high authority with his party, thus speaks "right out in meeting" in regard to the fatal influence of Gen. Scott's nomination upon the whig cause in Tennessee:

"I give it as my opinion, formed after a close observation, with good opportunities for acquiring correct information, that the democratic party, throughout the State, will enter into this contest more thoroughly organized than they ever have made in Tennessee.

"If the Whigs of Tennessee are not united and prudent in their selection of both their speakers and candidates, they will be beaten 5,000 votes in Tennessee. The Whig party of Tennessee can never be united on Scott—*I know this to be so.* I am an humble member of the party, and will support in good faith, either Fillmore or Webster; but I will never support Scott, either directly or indirectly, though he may receive the endorsement of all the Whig Conventions which may assemble between Hell and Heaven, and between this and November next. He has personal vanity enough to damn seven successive administrations, and with it very poor civil qualifications, and by no means a high order of talents. He has been an incubus on the Whig party for years, and defeated Mr. Clay's nomination in 1840, and in 1848. He is the candidate of the Free Soil party, and has refused, when called upon, to say whether he is for or against the Compromise measures of the last Congress. He is in the hands of Seward, the very worst man in North America, and if he were even elected, would make up his cabinet of such men as Seward, Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley, Joshua R. Giddings, and men of that stripe."

Finally the *Petersburg Intelligencer*, in reply to numerous inquiries as to what the paper would do, in case of the nomination of General Scott, indulges the following language—guarded, it is true, but clearly indicating the hostile spirit of Southern Whiggery to the nomination of this "military chieftain." The conditions upon which the *Petersburg Intelligencer* bases its support of Scott, cannot be realized, we are inclined to think. Gen. Scott has himself said that he will write no letters to "disgust" the public. Even if he were not so committed in black and white, Seward & Co., would not allow him to destroy their hold upon him by opposing their favourite schemes of Anti-Slavery and intervention. Already the *New York Tribune* threatens the Southern Whigs that, if they do not quietly swallow Gen. Scott, just as he is, without requiring him to express opinions in accordance with the wishes of the Southern Whigs, the issue will be accepted by the Seward Whigs of the North, and "*the North will elect the President.*" A great many Southern Whigs will refuse such insulting dictation and will rally around the good old Democratic cause. They will be influenced by the same spirit that moves an intelligent and influential Whig, in one of the inferior counties of Virginia, who, in writing for a copy of the *Enquirer*, says, with much pith and emphasis: "There are diseases in the moral world, which resemble those in the physical, and which we cannot take but once. Whiggery is like the small-pox, which we cannot take a second time. Thank God, I am well of it!" But to the article of the *Petersburg Intelligencer*:

"We should not feel ourselves justified in refusing to support the nominee of the Whig party, in the event that that nominee *shall entertain and publicly express* such opinions, and dictate such a policy, as the Whigs of the South have, for the last eighteen months, insisted upon. There are two subjects so vital in their character as to admit of nothing short of the most explicit and emphatic declarations and pledges. We, of course, allude to the Compromise law, and the odious and destructive doctrines of Intervention, which threatens to be an important element in the next canvass. Upon these subjects there must be no faltering—no equivocation—no concealment. Nothing less than a distinct and *public* pledge to support and enforce the Compromise law, and resist the doctrine of Intervention, can secure our support, and we believe we may, with great truth, say the support of the Whigs of the South. If Gen. Scott can abide this test—if he can truly and conscientiously give this pledge, and will give it publicly and boldly, he shall, in the event of his nomination for the Presidency, receive all the aid and support that our humble abilities will enable us to afford him, and so shall any other Whig who may be nominated, and who can and will comply with the condition prescribed. We have heard it stated, and do not doubt the fact, that General Scott is individually in favour of the Compromise measures, and took an active and efficient part in procuring their passage by Congress. If this be so, his course is too plain to be mistaken. His individual opinions must be his official opinions, and there should be no hesitation on his part in making them publicly known. If he fail to do so, suspicion will inevitably arise that his silence is attributable to a desire on his part to conciliate the Sewardites and other factionists in the State of New York and the North generally. Such a suspicion, once aroused, would be utterly fatal to Gen. Scott (or any other candidate) in the South. We conscientiously do not believe that Gen. Scott, or any other candidate, labouring under such suspicion, could carry a single county in the South, much less a State.

On the doctrine of Intervention we are not apprized as to what Gen. Scott's views are. It is, in our estimation, a topic equal in importance to the Compromise law, and nothing short of a distinct pledge to resist it in every manner and form which the Constitution will permit, will satisfy us or secure our vote for any candidate for the Presidency."—*Richmond Enquirer.*

"We publish in another column a letter of the Hon. A. H. STEPHENS in regard to the Union organization in Georgia. It cannot fail to be read with general interest, though many of its views are of merely local application. Upon what pretences the men who have gone into that organization, with honest plans and purposes, can now seek to abandon or dissolve it, we confess that we are at a loss to imagine. The Whigs who withdrew from it must fall into a powerless minority; and the Democrats who withdraw from it must surrender at discretion to the Secessionists. Those who have taken part in the movement must continue to co-operate, or they must become helpless and insignificant; for the Secessionists will never forgive the "traitors" whom they have been for months denouncing as worse than Whigs, and whom they hate more bitterly than the Whigs.

There certainly appears no good reason that should induce the Union Democrats to bolt the organization, after having secured an Union triumph by Whig votes. Nothing has transpired in Democratic history for the last three months that promises any comfort to the Unionists. When Cleveland, Rantoul, and Preston King, in combination with the Meades, Venables, and Boccocks, to put down Gorman, Bayly, and Polk in a Democratic caucus—when known Abolitionists and Secessionists give the law to the National Democrats and lay their resolutions on the table—we should suppose it was no time for Unionists to disband with the view of falling into the ranks of the Democratic party. Still less should such a movement be made at a time when a Whig Administration, and a Whig Congressional caucus; or, in other words, when the Whig party, through its representatives in the Legislative and Executive Departments, have placed themselves upon that ground in relation to the compromise which we understand to be occupied by the Union party of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi.

It is now reasonable to believe, from the action of the representatives of the Whig party in Congress, that no Presidential candidate can receive the Whig nomination who is not known to be entirely sound on the Compromise question. No candidate hampered by Abolition alliances, pledges, or associations—or suspected of being under Abolition influences—can by any possibility receive the votes of a majority of the American people. In the present posture of the Democratic party, with its whole organization confessedly controlled by the Blairs, Bentons, Van Burens, Preston Kings, and Clevelands, their candidate must necessarily be the candidate of the Abolition wing of the party. It is no longer a matter of choice. To make the matter worse, their candidate must not only be selected by the Abolitionists, but he must be endorsed by the Secessionists. The ultras and factionists will thus make the candidate, and the Democratic centre will succumb, as they succumbed in the Congressional caucus.

In this view of the case, the Unionists of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, will naturally fall into the ranks of the candidate who is nominated on the platform of the Whig Administration. It is of no consequence who may be the nominee, or what may be the platform or professions of the Democratic Convention, the fact is notorious that the party styling itself Democratic is entirely in the hands of the Secessionists and Abolitionists. The Democratic centre, the conservative Democracy—that portion which sides with the Administration and the Unionists on the questions of the Compromise and Intervention—have no power in Congress, and will have none in the convention, except that which they derive from a humiliating coalition with dangerous and desperate factions. But this same Democratic centre clings to the factions in spite of the hate they all bear to each other, and the principle of cohesion is the *name* of Democracy. In this way do grown men sacrifice substances to shadows."—*Washington Republic.*

FAIRBANK.—We were present on Friday when Calvin Fairbank was for the second time, regularly initiated into the rules, regulations and "mysteries" of the Kentucky Penitentiary. The keeper, Capt. Craig, made an address, reminding the prisoner of the solemn promises of amendment he made to obtain his pardon when in prison before, and of his flagrant violation of them since. He then read to him the rules of the prison, informing him that he should require of him the most scrupulous and exact observance of them in every particular; and that having by his conduct deceived him and other friends who had interfered for his pardon, he need now expect no confidence to be reposed in him, nor any indulgence whatever granted him.

Fairbank then asked and obtained leave to make an explanation. He pretended to give an account of his proceedings since his pardon, and especially of his connection with the escape of the girl Tamar, for which he was convicted, denying that he had done anything more than carry her off into the interior of Indiana, after she had crossed the river, and professing to have had conscientious scruples about doing that! His statement throughout was contradictory and confused, betraying its falsity in many instances, and showing that he has no truthfulness and but little brains. For example, notwithstanding his professions of sagacity and conscience, he admitted, in reply to a question of Capt. Craig, that he had made three visits to a woman who he knew to be base, about the time that he carried Tamar off, and that he corresponded with her after he was in jail.

The Governor, several heads of department, and a number of our citizens were present at the initiating ceremony.—*Frankfort Commonwealth.*

We found at the State Prison the other day, the notorious negro-stealer, Calvin Fairbank, diligently employed in making rope and bagging. He looks very well and bids fair to make Capt. Craig a most excellent hand. We understand the keeper's charge and examination when he returned, was very impressive and searching. Fairbank does not hope for another pardon; we learn when sentence was about to be passed on him at Louisville, he ironically enquired of the Judge if they could not commit him for a longer period than *fifteen years!*—*Yeoman.*

The criminals convicted at the late term, took up the line of march for Frankfort this morning. As they have been paired off and handcuffed, choice was given to Fairbanks, the negro-stealer, as to his mate. With extraordinary good taste he selected the only negro of the gang!—*Lou. Times.*

THE *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, published in the city of New York, copies in its issue of the 25th of March, Mr. SAMUEL QUARLES' letter to the Governor of Massachusetts, published some time since in the *Mobile Tribune*, and intimates that the conscience of Mr. QUARLES has been somewhat disturbed, which he is endeavouring to cover over by impudence. Here is an extract from the article in the *Standard:*

"The purchaser of the Massachusetts men has written a letter to the Governor of that State and published it in the *Mobile Tribune*. It is a very impudent letter, but the impudence which covers an uneasy conscience is far better than silence."

We take it upon ourself to assure the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, that Mr. QUARLES, who was formerly a citizen of this county, has never had a qualm of conscience about the matter. He is as easy upon that subject as a good christian is about salvation, just after prayers; and no doubt thought he was doing the magnanimous thing—as he really was—when he offered the slave sympathising, philanthropic Massachusetts the whole four slaves for the price it cost to recapture a fugitive in Boston.—*Southern* (*Camden, Ala.*) *Republic.*

Selections.

From The Liberator.

Speech of Wendell Phillips, Esq.

At the Melodeon, on the first Anniversary of the rendition of Thomas Sims, April 12, 1852.

MR. CHAIRMAN: There is a resolution on your table to this effect:

Resolved, Therefore, That we advise all coloured persons, liable to these arrests, to leave the United States, unless they are fully resolved to take the life of any officer who shall attempt, under any pretext, to seize them; and we urge the formation in every town of Vigilance Committees, prepared to secure to every person claimed as a slave, the fullest trial possible, and to avail themselves, fearlessly, according to their best judgment, of all the means God and nature have put into their hands, to see that substantial justice be done.

To this, Mr. Garrison moves as an amendment the following:

Resolved, That if 'resistance to tyrants,' by bloody weapons, 'is obedience to God,' and if our revolutionary fathers were justified in wading through blood to freedom and independence, then every fugitive slave is justified in arming himself for protection and defence—in taking the life of every marshal, commissioner, or other person who attempts to reduce him to bondage; and the millions who are clanking their chains on our soil find ample warrant in rising *en masse*, and asserting their right to liberty at whatever sacrifice of the life of their oppressors.

Resolved, That the State, in which no fugitive slave can remain in safety, and from which he must flee in order to secure his liberty in another land, is to be held responsible for all the crimes and horrors which cluster about the slave system and the slave trade—and that State is the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

I incline to the first form, rather than to that suggested by my friend, though such is my conviction of the soundness of his judgment and his rare insight into all the bearings of our cause, that I distrust my own deliberate judgment, when it leads me to a different conclusion from his.

I am, however, strongly impressed with the conviction that the friends of the cause and the fugitives among us need some advice; and that we cannot make a better use of this occasion than to discuss what that advice shall be. Mr. Garrison's amendment seems to me too ambiguous; it contents itself with announcing an important principle, but suggests nothing, and advises nothing.

Why, Mr. Chairman, do we assemble here on such a melancholy occasion as the present? This, instead of last Thursday, should be our Fast Day, if there were any reason for us to fast at all—for on this day, twelve months ago, the Abolitionists of the Commonwealth suffered a great, a melancholy defeat. On that day, unexpectedly to many, a man was carried back to Slavery from the capital of the State. It was an event which surprised some of our fellow-citizens, and all the rest of New England, which relied too fondly on the reputation Massachusetts had won as an Anti-Slavery Community. Either the favour of our old religion, or some remnant of the spirit of 1649 and 1776, had made the city of the Puritans a house of refuge to the fugitive. They had gathered here, and in our neighbourhood, by hundreds. There are traditions of attempts to seize one now and then—sometimes of trials in open court; and it is possible that, in the general indifference, a few may have been carried back quietly by some underling official, though we have no certain knowledge of any case where the victim was not finally saved. Thomas Sims is the first man that the City of Boston ever openly bound and fettered, and sent back to bondage. I have no heart to dwell on so horrible an outrage: that sad procession, in the dim morning, through our streets—the poor youth—his noble effort to break his chains—mocked with one short hour of freedom, and then thrust back to the hell he had escaped, by brother men, in the prostituted names of justice and religion. We sit down with the single captive, and weep with him as the iron enters into his soul—too sad to think, for the moment, of the disgrace of our city, or even the wickedness of its rulers. Pity swallows up indignation. We might be forgiven if for the moment we mistook our sadness for despair, and even fancied the event disastrous to others than the victim. But not so. Liberty knows nothing but victories. In a cause like ours, to which every attribute of the Most High is pledged, 'every thing helps us.' Selfish commerce, huckstering politics, and the mocking priest, might turn from such a scene and congratulate each other, saying, 'Our mountain stands strong'; but we knew that emotions were stronger than statutes, more lasting than ledgers, and not to be frozen down even by creeds, and that all New England would ere long gather itself to answer the last sad question of this hapless victim, as he stepped on the piratical deck of the Acorn—'Is this Massachusetts Liberty?'

What, then, is the use of such a celebration as this? It seems to me the only possible use that could, in any circumstances, be made of such an occasion would be to record our protest against the deed, with an indignant rebuke of its perpetrators, and to direct our eyes forward to see what we can now do for men in like jeopardy with Sims. Our protest and our rebuke have been already uttered. It is needless to repeat them. The individuals who so infamously misused their little brief authority have, some of them, faded from the public eye; melted back into the mass of their fellow-slaves. Their names are not worth recalling, for they are not of mark enough to point a moral. Let them pass—all of them—the Judge who stood head and shoulders above the rest in brutal bearing and the arts of a demagogue; the Commissioner, whom the atmosphere of noble enthusiasm about him never betrayed, during all that eventful week, into even the semblance of an honourable emotion; the Counsellor, who pledged a word, till then undoubted, to that lie for which no guarantee but his could have won even a momentary credence, and the belief of which snapped the last tiny thread of hope which bound the hapless victim to the altar of Massachusetts criminal law.

Yes, let them pass. The few whom charity may hope sinned, unable to 'discern between their right hand and their left hand,' and the many who did just right enough to prove they knew their duty, but wallowed in the wrong so greedily as to show how much they loved it. Let History close the record. Let her allow that 'on the side of the oppressor there was power'—power 'to frame mischief by a law'; that on that side were all the *forms* of law, and behind those forms, most of the elements of control: wealth, greedy of increase, and anxious for order, at any sacrifice of principle—priests prophesying smooth things, and arrogating to themselves the name of Christianity—ambition, baptizing itself statesmanship—and that unthinking patriotism, child of habit and not of reason, which mistakes government for liberty, and law for justice. And on the other hand, let her allow that though the Abolitionists were heedful of the hour, and fearless against the prelates of the church,

——'to plead her cause,
And from our judges vindicate the laws;'

while they 'did not spare the tyrant one hard word,' they were strictly law-abiding citizens. While Judges and Executive deserted their posts, the Abolitionists violated no law. They begged for nothing but the law—they wearied themselves to obtain the simple legal rights guaranteed to them and to all by the State. The City Government, in direct defiance of the statute of 1843, aided, both directly and indirectly, in the arrest and detention of a person claimed as a slave. To effect this purpose, they violated the commonest rights of the citizens—shut them out of their own court-house—subjected them, from day to day, to needless, illegal, and vexatious arrests. Judges were 'Artful Dodgers,' and Sheriffs refused all processes. The Abolitionists exhausted every device, besieged every tribunal, implored the interference of every department, to obtain the bare execution of the law of the Commonwealth. And let History say beside, that meantime they fearlessly declared that resistance would be better than submission; while not so absurd as to throw one man, or a score of men, against a government in arms, they proclaimed that they would have been glad to see the people rise against the law—that nothing which a handful of men could do for such an end was wanting—that they denounced the church sanctioning the deed as 'a synagogue of Satan,' and the law, whether constitutional or not, mere tyranny and wickedness—its executioners worse than murderers—that, knowing the value of a true law and of real order, they said and believed, that rather than one man should be sent back to Slavery, better, far better, human laws should be trampled under foot, and the order of society broken every day.

When the Pulpit preached slave-hunting, and the Law bound the victim, and Society said 'Amen! this will make money'—we were 'fanatics'—'enthusiasts'—'seditious'—'disorganizers'—'scorners of the pulpit'—'traitors.' Genius of the Past! drop not from thy tablets one of these honourable names. We claim them all, as our surest title deeds to the memory and gratitude of mankind. We indeed thought Man more than Constitutions; Humanity and Justice of more worth than law. Seal up the record! If Boston is proud of her part, let her rest assured we are not ashamed of ours!

All this has been said so often, that it is useless to dwell on it now. The best use that we can now make of this occasion, it seems to me, is to look about us, take our bearings, and tell the fugitives over whom yet hangs this terrible statute, what course, in our opinion, they should pursue.

And, in the first place, it is neither frank nor honest to keep up the delusive idea that a fugitive slave can be protected in Massachusetts. I hope I am mistaken; I shall be glad to be proved incorrect; but I do not believe there is any such Anti-Slavery sentiment here as is able to protect a fugitive on whom the Government has once laid its hand. We were told this afternoon, from this platform, that there were one hundred and fifty men in one town, ready to come with their muskets to Boston—all they waited for was an invitation. I heard, three weeks before the Sims case, that there were a hundred in one town in Plymouth county, pledged to shoulder their muskets in such a cause. We saw nothing of them. I heard, three weeks after the Sims rendition, that there were two hundred more in the city of Worcester ready to have come, had they been invited. We saw nothing of them. On such an occasion, from the nature of the case, there cannot be much previous concert; the people must take their own cause into their own hands. Intense earnestness of purpose, pervading large classes, must instinctively perceive the crisis, and gather all spontaneously for the first act which is to organize revolution. When the Court was in pursuit of John Hampden, we are not told that the two thousand men who rode up to London the next morning, to stand between their representative and a king's frown, waited for an invitation. They assembled of their own voluntary and individual purpose, and *found* themselves in London. Whenever there is a like determination throughout Massachusetts, it will need no invitation. When, in 1775, the British turned their eyes toward Lexington, the same *invitation* went out from the Vigilance Committee of Mechanics in Boston, as in our case of April, 1851. Two lanterns on the North Church steeple telegraphed the fact to the country: Revere and Prescott, as they rode from house to house in the gray light of that April morning, could tell little what others would do—they flung into each house the startling announcement, 'The red-coats are coming!' and rode on. None that day issued orders—none obeyed aught but his own soul. Though Massachusetts rocked from Barnstable to Berkshire, when the wires flashed over the land the announcement that a slave lay chained in the Boston Court-House, there was no answer from the Anti-Slavery feeling of the State. It is sad, therefore, but it seems to me honest, to say to the fugitive in Boston, or on his way, that if the Government once seize him, he cannot be protected here. I think we are bound, in common kindness and honesty, to tell them there are but two ways that promise any refuge from the horrors of a return to bondage: one is to fly—to place themselves under the protection of that Government which, with all her faults, has won the proud distinction that slaves cannot breathe her air—the fast-anchored isle of empire, where tyrants and slaves may alike find refuge from vengeance and oppression. AND THIS IS THE COURSE I WOULD ADVISE EVERY MAN TO ADOPT. THIS, UNLESS THERE ARE, IN HIS PARTICULAR CASE, IMPERATIVE REASONS TO THE CONTRARY, IS HIS DUTY. If this course be impossible, then the other way is to arm himself, and by resistance secure in the

Webster himself will ever find it worth while to ask again this act of vassal service from his retainers. Oh, no! wait a few months, and his fate will be that of Buckingham:

'—— wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.'

But even though he die or be shelved, the race of traitors will not be extinct; and it is a sickening dread for these two or three hundred men and women to live with this law, worse than the sword of Damocles, hanging over their heads. I believe the Abolitionists of the country owe it to their brethren to tell them what policy should rule their conduct in the present crisis. To be sure, we may ask them to stay, and when they are taken, to submit, and let the fact appeal to the sympathies of the country, which will result in kindling public indignation; and if they choose, from deep religious convictions, to make themselves thus the food of Anti-Slavery growth, God bless them them for the heroic self-sacrifice, which dictates such a course. But I cannot ask of a poor, friendless, broken-hearted fellow creature such a momentous sacrifice. I do say, in private, to every one that comes to me, 'But one course is left for you. There is no safety for you here; there is no law for you here. The hearts of the judges are stone; the hearts of the people are stone. It is in vain that you appeal to the Abolitionists. They may be ready, may be able, ten years hence.' But the 'brace of Adamses,' to which our friend (Theodore Parker) alluded this morning, if they had mistaken 1765 for 1775, would have ended at the scaffold instead of the Declaration of Independence and the treaty of 1783. We must bide our time, and we must read, with anointed eyes, the signs of our time. If public opinion is wrong, we want to know it; know it, that we may remodel it. We will ourselves trample this accursed Fugitive Slave Law under foot (great cheering). We are a minority, at present; we cannot do this to any great practical effect; and we are bound to suggest to those unfortunates who look to us for advice, some feasible plan. This, in my view, should be our counsel: ☞ 'Depart, if you can—it you have time and means. As no one has a right to ask that you stay, and, if arrested, submit, in order that your case may convert men to Anti-Slavery principles; so you have no right, capriciously, to stay and resist, merely that your resistance may rouse attention, and awaken Anti-Slavery sympathy. It is a grave thing to break into the bloody house of life. The mere expectation of good consequences will not justify you in taking a man's life. You have a perfect right to live where you choose. No one can rightfully force you away. There may be important and sufficient reasons, in many cases, why you should stay and vindicate your right, at all hazards. But in common cases, where no such reasons exist, it is better that you surrender your extreme right to live where you choose, than assert it in blood, and thus risk injuring the movement which seeks to aid your fellows. Put yourselves under the protection of the British flag; appeal to the humanity of the world. Do not linger here.'☞ Does any friend of the cause exclaim, 'You take away the great means of Anti-Slavery agitation. The sight of a slave carried back to bondage is the most eloquent appeal the Anti-Slavery cause can make to the sympathies of the public.' I know it! but the gain is all too dear when it is bought by the sacrifice of one man, thrust back to the hell of American bondage. Still, circumstances may prevent flight—imperative reasons may exist why he should remain here; he may be seized before he succeeds in escaping. I say to him, then, There is a course left, if you have the courage to face it. There is one appeal left, that has not yet been tried; it may avail you; I cannot insure you even that. It has now reached that pass when even the chance of a Boston gibbet may be no protection from a Georgia plantation; but if I were in your place, I would try (tremendous cheering)! The sympathies of the people will gather round you, if put on trial for such an act. The mortal hatred which would set the hounds of the law, thirsty for our blood, on keener scent, if we stood charged with legal offences, would not reach you. I do not know that the State Prison would be any refuge from the jail at Savannah or Charleston; but there may be something in an appeal to a Massachusetts jury empanelled to try a man's INALIENABLE right to liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and to protect himself; and I hope—I dare not hope much, but I do hope—that there is still humanity enough to bring you in 'not guilty.' There is another point. I really believe if a jury of Boston merchants should steel themselves to a verdict of guilty, that a governor sitting in the seat of Samuel Adams or Henry Vane would never dare to sign the warrant, until he had secured a passage on board a Cunard steamer. I think, therefore, that it is possible an appeal to the criminal jurisdiction of the State might save a man. Perhaps it might be just that final blow which would stun this drunken nation into sobriety, and make it heed, at last, the claims of the slave.

Mark me! I do not *advise* any one to take the life of his fellow—to brave the vengeance of the law, and run the somewhat, after all, unequal risk of the hard technical heart of a Massachusetts jury. Such an act must be, after all, one's own impulse. To burst away from all civil relations, to throw oneself back on this great primal right of self-protection, at all hazards, must be the growth of one's own thought and purpose. I can only tell the sufferer the possibilities that lie before him—tell him what I would do in his case—tell him that what I would do myself, I would countenance another in doing, and aid him to the extent of my power.

The Anti-Slavery cause is a wonder to many. They wonder that it does not succeed faster. We see William Cobbett, with his *Political Register*, circulating 70,000 copies per week, appeal to the working men of Great Britain, and in a few years he carries his measures over the head of Parliament. Cobden talks the farmers of England, in less than ten years, out of a tyranny that had endured for generations. The reason is, we have no such selfish motives to appeal to. We appeal to white men, who cannot see any present interest they have in the slave question. It is impossible to stir them. They must ascend to a level of disinterestedness which the masses seldom reach, before we can create any excitement in them, on the question of Slavery. I do not know when that point will be gained. If we shall ever be able to reach, through the press, the millions of non-slaveholding white men in the Southern States, I think we shall have a parallel then to the course of English agitation; for we can then appeal to the selfish interest of white men, able to vote, to speak and to act on this subject. But, at present, we have to make men interested, indignant, enthusiastic for others, not for themselves. The slave question halts and lingers, because it cannot get the selfishness of men on its side, and that, after all, has been the lever by which the greatest political questions have been carried.

There is one other motive, that is, fear. Cobbett and his fellows gathered the people of Great Britain, in public meetings of 200,000 men; and though the Duke of Wellington ordered his Scotch Greys to rough-grind their swords, as at Waterloo, he feared to order them drawn in the face of 200,000 Englishmen. That gathering was for their own rights. Cross the channel, and you come to the Irish question. How was that dealt with? By fear. When Ireland got no sympathy from the English people, she so ordered her affairs that the dread of anarchy, anchored so close to Liverpool and Bristol, forced the Government to treat the question, and they treated by submission.

Now, I read my lesson in the light of this historical experience. I cannot yet move the selfishness of the white man to help me. On this question I cannot get it on my side. It is just possible that the fugitive slave, taking his defence into his own right hand, and appealing to the first principle of natural law, may so excite the sympathy of some and the fears of others, as to gain the attention of all, and force them to grapple with this problem of Slavery and the Fugitive Slave Bill. The time may come when Massachusetts may not be willing to have her cities scenes of bloodshed, in order that one over-ambitious man may gain his point, and smooth his path to the Presidency; or that a human being should be hurried into bondage, that rich men may add field to field, and house to house.

I have striven to present this point as slowly, as fully, as deliberately, as possible, because I know it is an important one. It is, in some sense, the launching of a new measure in the Anti-Slavery enterprise, to countenance the fugitive, who has tried in vain every avenue of escape, in standing even at last at bay, and protecting himself. But I know of no pledge in the Anti-Slavery cause against it. Our enterprise is pledged to nothing but the abolition of Slavery. When we set out, we said we would do our work under the Government and under the Church. We tried it. We found that we could not work in either way; we found it necessary to denounce the Church and withdraw from the Government. We did what we could to work through both. We saw that it was expedient to work through them both, if we could. We found it impossible; and we let experience dictate our measures. We came out. Consistency—*consistency* bade us come out. Consistency—we cannot always sail due east, though our destination be Europe. It is no violation of consistency, therefore (if that were of any consequence), for us to adopt a measure like this, though it was not at first contemplated.

I go further. I do not believe that if we should live to the longest period Providence ever allots to the life of a human being, we should ever see the total abolition of Slavery, unless it comes in some critical conjuncture of national affairs, when the slave, taking advantage of a crisis in the fate of his masters, shall dictate his own terms. How did French Slavery go down? How did the French slave trade go down? When Napoleon came back from Elba, when his fate hung trembling in the balance, and he wished to gather around him the sympathies of the liberals of Europe, he no sooner set foot in the Tuileries, than he signed the edict abolishing the slave-trade, against which the abolitionists of England and France had protested for twenty years in vain. And the trade went down, because Napoleon felt that he must do something to gild the darkening hour of his second attempt to clutch the sceptre of France. How did the slave system go down? When, in 1848, the Provisional Government found itself in the Hotel de Ville, obliged to do something to draw to itself the sympathy and liberal feeling of the French nation, they signed an edict—it was the first from the nascent Republic—abolishing the death penalty and Slavery. The storm which rocked the vessel of State almost to foundering, snapped forever the chain of the French slave. Look, too, at the history of Mexican and South American emancipation; you will find, that it was, in every instance, I think, the child of convulsion.

The hour will come—God hasten it!—when the American people shall so stand on the deck of their Union, 'built i' th' eclipse, and rigged with curses dark' It I live to see that hour, I shall say to every slave, 'Strike now for Freedom' (long continued and deafening cheers)! The balance hangs trembling; it is uncertain which scale shall kick the beam. Strain every nerve, wrestle with every power God and nature have put into your hands, for your place among the races of this western world; and that hour will free the slave. The Abolitionists who shall stand in such an hour as that, and keep silence, will be recreant to the cause of three million of his fellow-men now in bonds. I believe that probably is the only way in which we shall ever, any of us, see the downfall of American Slavery. I do not shrink from the toast with which Dr. Johnson flavoured his Oxford port, 'Success to the first insurrection of the blacks in Jamaica!' I do not shrink from the sentiment of Southey, in a letter to Duppa—'There are scenes of tremendous horror which I could smile at by Mercy's side. An insurrection which should make the negroes masters of the West Indies is one' I believe both these sentiments are dictated by the highest humanity. I know what anarchy is. I know what civil war is. I can imagine the scenes of blood through which a rebellious slave population must march to their rights. They are dreadful. And yet, I do not know, that, to an enlightened mind, a scene of civil war is any more sickening than the thought of a hundred and fifty years of Slavery. Take the broken hearts; the bereaved mothers; the infant, wrung from the hands of its parents; the husband and wife torn asunder; every right trodden under foot; the blighted hopes, the imbruted souls, the darkened and degraded millions—sunk below the level of intellectual life, melted in sensuality, herded with beasts—who have walked over the burning marl of Southern Slavery to their graves, and where is the battle-field, however ghastly, that is not white—white as an angel's wing, compared with the blackness of that darkness which has brooded over the Carolinas for two hundred years (great sensation)? Do you love mercy? Weigh out the fifty thousand hearts that have beaten their last pulse amid agonies of thought and suffering fancy faints to think of; and the fifty thousand mothers, who, with sickening senses, watch for footsteps that are not wont to tarry long in their coming and soon find themselves left to tread the pathway of life alone—add all the horrors of cities sacked and lands laid waste—and then weigh them all against some young girl sent to the auction-block, some man like that taken from our Court House and carried back into Georgia; multiply this individual agony into three millions; multiply that into centuries; and that into all the relations of father and child, husband and wife; heap on all the deep moral degradation both of the oppressor and the oppressed, and tell me if Waterloo or Thermopylæ can claim one tear, from the eye even of the tenderest spirit of mercy, compared with this daily system of hell amid the most civilized and Christian people on the face of the earth!

No, I confess I am not a non-resistant. The reason why I advise the slave to be guided by a policy of peace is because he has no chance. If he had one—if he had as good a chance as those who went up to Lexington seventy-seven years ago, I should call him the basest recreant that ever deserted wife and child, if he did not vindicate his liberty by his own right hand (cheers). And I am not by any means certain that Northern men would not be startled—would not be wholesomely startled—by one or two such cases as a scoundrel Busteed shot over his perjured affidavit. If a Morton or a Curtis could be shot on a Commissioner's bench, by the hand of him they sought to sacrifice, I have no doubt that it would have a wholesome effect (great applause). Is there a man here who would either himself go to Georgia, or let any one, near and dear to him, go there, if he could have arms in his hands, without sending somebody before him to a lighter and cooler place than a Georgia plantation?

I am not dealing with the cause of three millions of slaves. I am not dealing with the question of a great sin and wrong existing among us. I believe I understand the philosophy of reform. I understand the policy of waiting. I know that, in reforming great national abuses, we cannot expect to be in haste; that the most efficient protection for the three millions of slaves is to irradicate the prejudice of the twenty millions of whites who stand above them. I have learnt all that. But, Mr. Chairman, the question to which I speak is a very different one. It is this. I, William Crafts, an independent, isolated individual in myself, am no more called to secure the safety of three million of slaves than you are. I, William Crafts, have succeeded in getting to Boston. I have reached what is called free territory. It happens that there are strong and sufficient reasons why I cannot leave these shores, or cannot YET leave them. I have got possession of arms. I have inquired of the most intelligent men, and they tell me that the laws afford me no protection. I have asked of the highest authorities on government, my duty in this emergency, and they tell me, one and all, from Grotius down to Lord Brougham, that when Government ceases to protect, the citizen ceases to owe allegiance.* Very well My case stands by itself. It is for me to decide to-night whether I will go back to Georgia to-morrow. It is no special comfort to assure me that, half a century hence, somebody will go down to Faeuil Hall, some Robert C. Winthrop, perhaps, converted for the occasion—and pronounce an oration on the jubilee of American freedom. It is no answer to tell me, that, in order to this, it is considered by some people to be a great thing that the fugitive should go willingly and quietly back to Slavery. There comes up to me a man who says he is an officer, and has a parchment warrant in his pocket. Somebody has given him authority to seize me. I am not to be bullied by institutions. I am not to be frightened by parchments. Forms and theories are nothing to me. Majorities are nothing. You have outlawed me from your law. You have exiled me from your protection. I am a descendant of Esau—every man's hand against me, my hand against every man. I have no time or means of escape, no defence, except I make it. If I make it, I secure the hour of liberty and escape. I decide to make it. I shoot the miscreant, and thus gain time to pass from the spot where I was to have been arrested, to freedom under the flag of England, or on the deck of a vessel.' Let him who fully knows his own heart and, strength, and feels, as he looks down into his child's cradle, that he could stand by and see that little nestling one borne away, and submit—let him cast the first stone. But all you, whose blood is wont to stir over Naseby and Bunker Hill, will hold your peace, unless you are ready to cry—*Sic semper Tyrannis!* So may it ever be with slaveh unters!

Mr. Chairman, it seems to me that the man who is not conscientiously a non-resistant, is not only entitled, he is bound, to use every means that he has or can get, to resist arrest in the last resort. What is the slave, when he is once surrendered? He goes back to degradation worse than death. If he has children, they are to perpetuate that degradation. He has no right to sacrifice himself or them to that extent. These are considerations which it is just as well to state, and to bring before the community. I know my friend, Mr. Garrison, differs from me on this question. You will listen to him I shall not quarrel if you agree with his judgment, and leave me alone. I am talking to-night to the men who say they were ready to take up their muskets in defence of Thomas Sims, or Shadrach, or somebody else. It is very well for fiction—for a Harriet Beecher Stowe to paint a submissive slave, and draw a picture that will touch your hearts. You are very sensitive over Uncle Tom's Cabin. Your nerves are very sensitive; but that your consciences are as sensitive as your nerves. If your parts answered instead of your nerves, you would rise up, every one of you Abolitionists, ready to sacrifice every thing, rather than a man should go back to Slavery. Let him escape that effect, and then I will reckon the value of the tears that have answered to the wand of this magician; but till then, they are but the tears of a nervous reader under high excitement. Would those tears could chrystalize into sentiment, chrystallise into principle—into Christian principle, out of which the staple of Anti-Slavery patience and perseverance and self sacrifice is to be wrought! Guard yourselves, friends, against the delusive idea, that the tears and sad eyes you see about you are harbingers of a better hour for Massachusetts than this day twelve months saw darken over her fame. It may be so; but there is no certainty that it will. We are to speak to practical Massachusetts. I do not shrink from going before the farmers, the mechanics, and the working-men—the thinking men of Massachusetts, and urging upon them the consideration that the State, by solemn act, has proclaimed to every one that her soil is not holy enough to protect the fugitive, and that, so far as she is concerned, the only thing left, the only possibility, the only chance remaining for the fugitive, lies in his own courage and good right arm. The city of John Hancock has proved that her soil is not holy enough to protect the fugitive; Faneuil Hall, where 'still the eloquent air breathes—burns' with Otis and Adams, is not holy enough to shelter the fugitive; Bunker Hill, red with the blood of the noblest man that ever fell in the cause of civil liberty, is not too sacred for fettered feet; the Churches, planted, as we have been told to-day, in tears, in prayers, and in blood, have no alter horns for the fugitive; the Courts, even that which first naturalized Lord Mansfield's decision, drawing a nice distinction between slaves *brought* and slaves *escaping*—judges loving humanity so well, even in the humblest suitor, that, like their noble predecessors in the great case of DeVere, they 'caught hold of a twig or a twine thread to uphold it'; that, too, has shut its doors on the fugitive—yes, against that very child MED, should she again be seized, in whose behalf they settled this proud rule. I would say all this to the men about me, and add—There is one gleam of hope. It is just possible that the floor of the State's Prison may have a magic charm in it. That may save the fugitive, if he can once entitle himself to a place there. When, then, the occasion shall demand, let us try it (great cheering)! It is a sad thought, that the possibility of a gibbet, the chance of imprisonment for life, is the only chance that can make it safe for a fugitive to remain in Massachusetts.

You will say this is bloody doctrine—anarchical doctrine; it will prejudice people against the cause. I know it will! Heaven pardon those who make it necessary! Heaven pardon the judges, the merchants, and the clergy, who make it necessary for hunted men to turn, when they are at bay, and fly at the necks of their pursuers! It is not our fault! I shrink from no question, however desperate, that has in it the kernel of the possibility of safety for a human being hunted by twenty millions of slave-catchers in this Christian Republic of ours (cheers). I am willing to confess my faith. It is this: that the Christianity of this country is worth nothing, except it is or can be made capable of dealing with the question of Slavery I am willing to confess another article of my faith: that the Constitution and Government of this country is worth nothing, except it is or can be made capable of grappling with the great question of Slavey. I agree with Burke—'I HAVE NO IDEA OF A LIBERTY UNCONNECTED WITH HONESTY AND JUSTICE. NOR DO I BELIEVE THAT ANY GOOD CONSTITUTIONS OF GOVERNMENT OR OF FREEDOM CAN FIND IT NECESSARY FOR THEIR SECURITY TO DOOM ANY PART OF THE PEOPLE TO A PERMANENT SLAVERY. SUCH A CONSTITUTION OF FREEDOM, IF SUCH CAN BE, IS IN EFFECT, NO MORE THAN ANOTHER NAME FOR THE TYRANNY OF THE STRONGEST FACTION; and factions in Republics have been and are full as capable as monarchs of the most cruel oppression and injustice.' That is the language of Edmund Burke to the electors of Bristol; I agree with it (applause)! The greatest praise Government can win is, that its citizens know their rights, and dare to maintain them. I know no use for good laws, except to teach men to trample bad laws under their feet.

On these principles, I am willing to stand before the community in which I was born and brought up—where I expect to live and die—where, if I shall ever win any reputation, I expect to earn and keep it. As a sane man, a Christian man, and a lover of my country, I am willing to be judged by posterity, if it shall over remember either this meeting or the counsels which were given in its course. I am willing to stand upon this advice to the fugitive slave—baffled in every effort to escape, or bound here by sufficient ties, exiled from the protection of the law, shut out from the churches—to PROTECT HIMSELF, and make one last appeal to the humane instincts of his fellow-men. Friends, it is time something should be said on these points. Twenty-six cases—twenty-six slave cases, under this last statute, have taken place in the single State of Penusylvania. I do not believe one man in a hundred who hears me, supposed there were half a dozen cases there. So silently, so much a matter of course, so much without any public excitement, have those slaves been surrendered! Should the record be made up for the other States, it would probably be in proportion. Recollect, beside, the cases of kidnapping, not by any means unfrequent, which are so much facilitated by the existence of laws like this. For slaves to stay among us and be surrendered may excite commiseration; but remember, and this is a very important consideration, familiarity with such scenes begets indifference; the tone of public sentiment is lowered; soon cases pass as matters of course, and the community, burnt over with previous excitement, is doubly steeled against all active sympathy with the sufferers. What was usurpation yesterday is precedent to-morrow. When we asked the Supreme Court of Mass. to interfere in Sims' behalf, on the ground that the law of 1850 was unconstitutional, they declined, because the law was much the same as that of 1793, and that was constitutional, because so HELD and SUBMITTED TO.—Surely, tyranny should have no such second acquiescence to plead. Yet that feeling, so alert, so indignant at the outset, already droops and grows cold. Government stands ever a united, powerful and organized body, always in session, its temptations creeping over the dulled senses, the wearied zeal, or the hour of want The sympathies of a people for the down-trodden and the weak are scattered, evanescent, now excited, now asleep. The assembly which is red-hot to-day, has vanished to-morrow. The indignation that lowers around a Court-House in chains is scattered in a month. The guerrilla troops of reform are now here, and now crumbled away. On the other hand, permanently planted, with a boundless patronage, which sways every thing, stands Government, with hands ever open, and eyes that never close, bidding cunningly its time; always concentrated; and, of course, too often able to work its will, for a time, against any amount of popular indignation and sympathy.

Do not misunderstand me. I know the Anti-Slavery Cause will triumph. The mightiest intellects—the Websters and the Calhouns of the Whig and Democratic parties—they have no more effect upon the great mass of the public mind, in the long run, than the fly's weight had on the chariot wheel where he lighted. But that is a long battle. I am speaking now of death or life, to be dealt out in a moment I am dealing with a family about to be separated, standing, as many of you have been called again and again to do, by the hearth, or at the table, where that family circle were never to assemble again; broken and scattered to the four winds; the wife in agony, her husband torn from her side, her children gathering around, vainly asking, 'Where are we to go, mother?' Open those doors? How many of them might you open in these Northern States within the last two years! How many of these utterly indescribable scenes might you have witnessed within that brief period! This law has executed itself. Twenty-six have been sent back from Pennsylvania; only one from Boston; only a dozen, perhaps, from New York. Yes: but in the mean time, the dread that they might be seized has broken up hundreds of happy families. It has been executed; and when I remember that Northern traitor who made its enactment possible, I sometimes think that the vainest man who ever lived never dreamed, in the hour of his fondest self-conceit, that he had done the human race as much good as Daniel Webster has wrought it sorrow and despair (great applause). I do not think you fully appreciate the state of dread in which the coloured population have lived for months.

Mark, too, the infamous characteristics of these cases! It is not their frequency, after all, that should cause the most apprehension, but the objectional incidents and very dangerous precedents they establish. It is not that the Slave Law is law. That is not half the enormity of the fact. It is, that not only is the Slave statute held to be law, but that there is really no law beside it in the free States—to execute it, all other laws are set aside and disregarded. The commonest and best settled principles have been trodden under foot. Almost all these persons have been arrested by a lie. Sims was—Long was—Preston was. In the case at Buffalo, the man was arrested by a blood thirsty attack—knocked down in the streets. The atrocious haste—the brutal haste of Judge Kane, in the case of Hannah Kellam, language fails in describing, indignation stands dumb before the cold and brutal wickedness. Many of these cases have been a perversion, not only of all justice, but of all law. Take a single and slight instance. The merciful and safe rule has always been, that an officer, arresting any one wrongfully, shall not be permitted to avail himself of his illegal act, for the service of a true warrant while he has the man in custody. This would be not only a sanction, but an encouragement of illegal detention. But, in several of these cases, the man has been seized on some false pretence, and then the authorities allowed those having him in custody to waive the prosecution of the pretended claim, and serve upon him the real warrant. The same disgraceful proceeding was allowed in the Latimer case in this city, his master arresting him as a thief, and afterwards dismissing that process, and claiming him as a slave. This dangerous precedent has been followed in many of these late cases. The spirit of the rule, and in some cases its letter, would have set the prisoner free, and held all the proceedings

All this entire overthrow of legal safeguards—this utter recklessness of all the checks which the experience of ages has invented for the control of the powerful and the protection of the weak, it is idle to dream of any professed persons being safe. They stand alone, exposed to the whole pelting of this pitiless storm. I wish there existed here any feeling on this subject adequate to the crisis. Is there such? Do you point me to the vast triumphs of the Anti-Slavery sentiment of Massachusetts? The list is so short we know it by heart. Yes, there has been enough of feeling and effort to send Charles Sumner to the Senate. Let us still believe that the event will justify us in trusting him, spite of his silence there for four long months, silence when so many ears have been waiting for the promised words. There is an Anti-Slavery sentiment here of a certain kind. Test it, and let us see what it is worth. There is Anti-Slavery sentiment enough to crowd our Legislature with Free Soilers. True. Let us wait for some fruit, correspondent to their pledges, before we rejoice too loudly. Heaven grant us the sight of some before we be forced to borrow from our fathers a name for these legislative committees of Free Soilers. In 1765, there were certain Parliamentary Committees, to whom were referred the petitions of the Colonists, and many good plans of relief, and that was the last heard of either petition or plan. Our fathers called them 'Committees of Oblivion.' I hope we may never need that title again; and wherever we find the untarnished name of SEWALL, we need have no apprehension.

Yet, there is Anti-Slavery sentiment sufficient to put many persons on their good behaviour—sufficient to bring Orville Dewey to his knees, and make him attempt to lie himself out of a late delicate embarrassment (great applause). That, to be sure, is the only way for a true-hearted American to apologise! Some men blame us for the personality of our attacks—for the bad taste of actually naming a sinner on such a platform as this. Never doubt its benefits again. Did not the Rev. Dr. 'go to and fro in the earth, and walk up and down in it,' offering to return his own mother into Slavery for our dear Union; and was he not rewarded by our National Government by a Chaplaincy in the Navy—as most men thought to secure him a trip to the Mediterranean to repose his weary virtue' Where could public rumour more appropriately send him than to that very spot on the Naples coast, where his great and only exemplar, Nero, devoted his mother to a kinder fate than this Christian imitator designed for 'a let us try it (great cheering)! It is a sad thought, that the possibility of a gibbet, the chance of imprisonment for life, is the only chance that can make it safe for a fugitive to remain in Massachusetts.

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*Protection, your Lordships are aware, affording security of person and property, is the first law of the State. The Legislature has no right to claim obedience to its laws, the Crown has no right to demand allegiance from its subjects, if the Legislature and the Crown do not afford, in return for both, protection for person and property. Without protection, the Legislature would abdicate its functions, if it demanded obedience; without protection, the Crown would be an usurper of its right to enforce allegiance.—*Lord Brougham's Debate on Irish Coercion Bill*, 1838.

hand, Ireland, and Scotland, had contributed abundantly, in addition to the gifts of several friends in Boston, towns and counties in our State, and contributions of those in Massachusetts. But, under all circumstances, we concluded to thank our friends for the present. We decided that it was best to hold no fair, deeming it best to have one of a smaller character, which we thought more might be effected by the same labour and money. Local causes, which it is not needful to mention here, also influenced this decision.

For more than a year, we held no meetings, thinking it best to organize such when the aspect of affairs seemed more propitious, never thinking of a final cessation of our associated efforts for the slave. In August last we re-organized, laboured steadily for months, and sent our contributions to the Boston Bazaar, a box of articles which, we were happy to find, was thought valuable, and sold so readily as to be serviceable.

As has ever been our custom, we suspended our meetings for a time in the winter, and have now commenced, purposing to meet at regular times, devoting the principal part of our proceeds again to the Boston Bazaar, knowing that thereby, we are assisting the extended operations of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and otherwise employing measures to awaken and regenerate the consciences of the people, in our city and State, who are as yet dead to the enslavement and aggravated abuses heaped upon one-sixth part of the people of these States.

We deem it due to ourselves, and the friends that have co-operated with us in past years, to make this statement, because, from your letter in last week's paper, to the Ladies of the "Rochester A. S. Society," and also from their report, it might be supposed we had no existence, were dead, disheartened, disbanded. Justice to our friends, and a due self-respect, alike prompt us to make our existence known.

We continue to ask from friends in Rochester, and in the towns of our vicinity, the same aid they have heretofore given, and which we have repeatedly and gratefully acknowledged, in times past. We desire that all who feel the burthen of the slave's wrongs in their own souls, may faithfully labour in their several departments, for his deliverance, and that nothing shall mar a harmony based in truth and kindly sincerity.

In behalf of the "Rochester Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle." Yours for Emancipation,

SARAH L. HALLOWELL, *Sec'y.*

ROCHESTER, April 6th, 1852.

P. S We neglected to state that three years ago, the Women's Society was merged into the Western New York Anti-Slavery Society, (of which we were already members,) that a committee was appointed by the executive committee of that body, and in point of fact, we were associated, holding sewing meetings as before, and fairs, in different towns, by which several hundred dollars were raised and appropriated in this part of the State. S. L. H.

CINCINNATI CONVENTION.—We learn from Dr. Brisbane that an arrangement has been made whereby those going by rail to the Anti-Slavery Convention in Cincinnati, from Cleveland, Springfield, Dayton, or the intermediate towns in Ohio, would have the privilege of returning home free of charge, on obtaining a certificate of attendance from the Secretary of the meeting. We regret that Dr. Brisbane's letter did not reach us in season to enable us to make the knowledge of this arrangement available to our Ohio readers. We hope, however, that they were in possession of it from other sources. We refer to it now by way of apology to our Cincinnati friends for our apparent neglect of their request.

AN INHUMAN WRETCH.—The *New Orleans Picayune* states that Captain McGowan of the Steamship Philadelphia, sent word to his agents in that city from the Balize that he had found a slave concealed on board his vessel, and had arrested him and sent him back to his owners. Having achieved this noble act, he proceeded to sea, with the consciousness, doubtless, that he was a second Apostle Paul.

HON. CHARLES SUMNER and Hon. S. P. CHASE of the United States Senate will accept our thanks for Congressional Documents.

We are indebted to Hon. C. DURKEE of the House for similar favours.

REPLY TO DR. PEABODY.

BY WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH....NO. V.

THE "MOURNFUL METHOD" OF THE ABOLITIONISTS.

"Remember this, when you would look down upon a meeting of a few hundreds in the one scale, and the fanatic violence of State Street in the other, that there is NOTHING, Daniel Webster being witness, strong enough to stand against public opinion—and if the tongue and the press are not parents of that, what is?" —*Wendell Phillips.*

Dr. P. proceeds to give his views in relation to the Anti-Slavery agitation.

If Slavery is ever done away by human means, unless it be through revolution, insurrection, and civil war, it must be by Southern men; and the only persons who have any direct influence for good over this matter, and who can be expected voluntarily to exert that influence, are the southern friends of emancipation. Any northern method of agitating the question of Slavery, which overlooks this point, must be fatally erroneous We fear that it has been overlooked, and already with very mischievous results. We have never heard any man, acquainted with the South, doubt that the feeling in regard to the abolition of Slavery has, within the last few years, undergone a very great change. Whatever important ends Slavery agitation at the North may have accomplished, it has paralyzed and struck dumb the southern friends of freedom. Fifteen or twenty years ago, large numbers, in all parts of the South, for different reasons and in different degrees, looked with dislike on Slavery, and with favour on whatever tended towards its removal. In Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, the emancipation party was a large and powerful one. Now it is silenced and all but annihilated. Multitudes are altogether repelled from it, while others, shrinking from a false position, recoiling from any seeming treachery to their friends and neighbours, and fearing to be identified with northern Abolitionists, are silenced. We attribute this state of things in part to the influence of Mr. Calhoun, and in part to the increased value of slave property; but that state of feeling which has made the calm and fair discussion of the subject all but impossible, we attribute mainly to the manner in which it has been treated at the North. The emancipation party in the Slave States has been palsied by the action of Abolitionism, more entirely even than the Colonisation Society in the Free States. A method of agitation whose main result has been to destroy that party which alone had it in its power to do any thing effectively for the abolition of Slavery, seems to us a mournful one. The right of free discussion is a sacred one, and not to be surrendered; but a mode of discussion, whether in Northern Legislat

a crowded audience of coloured citizens, in one of their Churches, under the protection of the City Police, has spoken twice in Faneuil Hall, in perfect security. The Melodeon and Tremont Temple, the best halls in the city, are open to us, on the same terms as to others. The Hall of the House of Representatives has been frequently filled to hear the most radical Anti-Slavery truth. Does Dr. P. or any body else think that the public opinion of 1835 would have enabled William and Ellen Craft to defy the power of the law, as it did in 1850? Who is foolish enough to suppose that Marshal Tukey would have deemed it necessary in 1835 to organize so large a force, and with so much care, merely to be able to take Thomas Sims down to the end of Long Wharf without danger of rescue? No one! He organized against what he and every body else knew to be a *changed* public opinion in relation to Slavery. Who is fool enough to suppose that in order to secure a fugitive slave in Boston Court House in 1835, it would have been thought necessary to surround the buildings with chains—guard it night and day—and, for a week, to have the military under arms in Faneuil Hall, ready to turn out (if awake and sober) at a moment's notice? Nobody! It was the Abolitionists of those days, and not slaves, who had to be placed behind iron bars, as their only protection from the very *Anti*-Slavery opinion of that day.

What is true of public opinion in Massachusetts, is true, in a greater or less degree, of that in all the Free States. In 1836, Gov Marcy, of New York, proposed to the Legislature of that State to pass penal laws against the Abolitionists. The latter asked and were denied the privilege of being heard in their defence! Now, an Alderman of the noble city of Syracuse can engage in the rescue of a slave from the hands of the U. S. Marshal, and still be supported by public opinion. An Ex-Governor of the State, now Senator in Congress, voluntarily offers to become bail for a party of black men who were engaged in the same rescue. Nay, he has even ventured to declare, in his seat in the Senate, that there is a law higher even than the Constitution! In 1835, Pennsylvania Hall was burnt by a mob, and for several days, the most dreadful outrages were perpetrated on the unoffending black population of Philadelphia. Thirteen years later, and a party of slave-hunters from Maryland, headed by a wretch calling himself a U. S. Marshal, acting under the warrant from ever-infamous U. S Commissioner Ingraham, attacked a house inhabited by runaway slaves, in Christiana; and in the fight which ensued, the slaveholder was shot dead, and his son grievously wounded; and though the authorities of the Union and State have expended immense sums of money, and used every exertion to bring the black heroes and their abettors to punishment, they have been most signally foiled, although a *Kane*—unworthy sire of noble son—sate upon the bench! In order to secure their citizens a trial by jury, upon the question of freedom, the State of Vermont has passed a law, and refuses to repeal it, in direct conflict with the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. We might allude to the pro-slavery riots in New York, Cincinnati and Alton, all of which were either superintended or countenanced by the leading men of those places—to the suppression of free discussion in Lane Seminary; to the persecution of Prudence Crandall, in 1834, for keeping a school for coloured children; to the destruction of such a school in Canada, N. H., in 1835, and many other similar facts, and the different state of things in those places now; but it really seems to be unnecessary. In 1835 (Dec), the House of Representatives passed the famous Gag resolution introduced by Atherton, of N. H., by a vote of 127 to 75, to the effect "that every petition, memorial, resolution, proposition or paper, touching or relating, in any way, or to any extent whatever, to Slavery as aforesaid, or the abolition thereof, shall, on the presentation thereof, without any further action thereon, be laid on the table, without being debated or referred"! Not only has this rule been repealed for years! but a large part, perhaps half, of the time of Congress is now spent in debates growing out of the question of Slavery; and the *National Era*, edited by able men, and with a very large and increasing circulation, every week sends from the City of Washington to the extremest North, and to some extent in the South also, the seeds of Anti-Slavery truth. The editor of the New York *Herald* says this is the only Washington paper that is supported without Government patronage. In 1836, the House of Representatives, by a vote of 163 to 47, resolved that "Congress ought not to interfere, in any way, with Slavery in the District of Columbia," and a committee of nine (a majority being from the Free States) was chosen and ordered to report to the effect that such interference "would be a violation of public faith, unwise, impolitic, and dangerous to the Union." And yet, fourteen years later, the same body passed a law prohibiting the introduction of slaves into the District for sale! When such men as Atherton were on the floor of the House of Representatives, in 1838-9, who thinks that the earnest and soul-stirring speeches of Stevens, Giddings, Seward, Hale, Mann, and others, would have been tolerated?

In view of these and thousands of similar facts, it cannot be denied that the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the Free States is immeasurably greater now than it was fifteen years ago. And for this, no other cause can be assigned than the Anti-Slavery agitation which has been carried on. In 1831, the first number of the *Liberator* was published. Its editor said, "I will be harsh as truth, and uncompromising as justice." * * "I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I WILL be heard."

"O small beginnings, ye are great and strong
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain."

And the nation *has* heard his voice. Church organizations, hoary with age, have been rent asunder by the almighty power of truth. Political parties have been defeated time and again by its influence. If Dr. P. doubts the effect of our agitation in awakening public opinion in the Free States, he must be deaf, dumb and blind!

But though much has been already accomplished, much more remains to be done; and the Anti-Slavery sentiment, acting through its varied channels of moral and political action, will surely accomplish the task. The slave needs the assistance of all; Garrison, Gerrit Smith, and Charles Sumner, may each do good and manly service for the cause, so long as each acts up to his highest conviction of duty. Holding as we do most firmly to the truth of the principles of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the absolute necessity of their constant promulgation, we have yet too catholic a spirit not to rejoice, in our inmost hearts, at every blow given to Slavery by those who differ from us in the widest manner. All Anti-Slavery instrumentalities need the aid of each one, and the slave needs all.

Our principles have made less progress at the South, because we have not laboured there to any considerable extent, and because the South has had infinitely more to overcome than the North in order to be affected in any degree by our appeals. Still, even at the South, our progress has been encouraging. As you can in general destroy a bad habit only by as many struggles for good as it took of single acts of wrong to make it, so in attempting to overthrow Slavery, we expect to meet with almost innumerable defeats. It would be strange if it were otherwise. But, notwithstanding all obstacles, Right, if persevered in, will overcome Might. Ideas alone are powerful enough to break in pieces the most galling despotism the world e'er saw.

Our agitation began in 1831. In 1831, the Legislature of Georgia offered a reward of $5,000 for the abduction of Garrison. What was the state of opinion at the South in 1830?

Dr. P. says, "Fifteen or twenty years ago, large numbers, in all parts of the South, for different reasons and in different degrees, looked with dislike on Slavery, and with favour on whatever tended towards its removal. In Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, the emancipation party was a large and powerful one. Now it is silenced, and all but annihilated." He thinks we have paralyzed and struck dumb the Southern friends of freedom.

He offers no evidence to prove the existence of this "large and powerful" emancipation party in Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky; and we have considerable evidence to prove the contrary. Doubtless, some emancipationists were to be found; but if such a party existed any where, it must have existed in Virginia, because there causes had been in operation, for very many years, which necessarily tended to create and nourish an Anti-Slavery sentiment. We mean the contest between Eastern and Western Virginia. By the Constitution of 1776, the right of suffrage was limited to freeholders. In consequence of this, the slaveholding interest was enabled to control the State. In 1829, there were only about 45,000 freeholders (Deb. in Cons. Conv. 1829-30, p. 379) to more than 140,000 free white male citizens over 21 years of age; so that 95,000 free whites were wholly excluded from all political power. Even if we allow 15,000 for paupers and others who usually are thus excluded, we still have left 80,000 whites wholly shut out from influence in the State, and governed by representatives elected by 45,000! This bore with peculiar severity on Western Virginia. In 1790, the whole white population East of the Blue Ridge was 314,523; in 1800, 336,389; in 1810, 338,337; in 1820, 348,873; and in 1829, 362,745. In other words, the white population East of the Ridge had for many years remained nearly stationary. In 1790, the whole white population West of the Ridge was 127,594; in 1800, 177,476; in 1810, 212,726; in 1820, 254,305; and in 1829, 319,516. In other words, the white population West of the Ridge had been rapidly increasing for many years. The balance of white population, in 1790, in favour of the East was 186,932; in 1800, 159,903; in 1810, 126,114; in 1820, 94,965; in 1829, 43,229 (Deb. ib. p. 87). In 1829, the number of slaves East of the Ridge was about 397,000, while the number West of the Ridge was only about 50,500 (ib. p. 267). Besides this, the ratio of increase of the slaves West of the Ridge had for many years been constantly decreasing. Thus, between 1800 and 1810, the ratio of increase was 65 1-2; between 1810-1820, it was 46; and between 1820 and 1829, it was 28.

It is apparent, therefore, that the interests of Western Virginia were, and for many years had been, on the side of freedom, whilst those of Eastern Virginia were as strongly enlisted on behalf of Slavery. When to this cause of difference is added the fact that so large a portion of the free white population was excluded from the right of suffrage, we have a right to infer that if a large and powerful party for emancipation existed, in 1830, in either of the Northern Slave States, it existed in Virginia, for there were 80,000 free white men over 21 who were deprived of all political power by the slaveholding interest.

Now, what was the fact in relation to Virginia?

This struggle for political power between Eastern and Western Virginia led to repeated efforts to obtain a revision of the Constitution. They all failed, however, until the session of 1827-8, when provision was made for calling a convention for this purpose. This convention, composed of four delegates from each of the twenty-four Senatorial Districts, met in the City of Richmond, on the 5th of October, 1829, and remained in session more than three months. As the deepest interest had been felt throughout the State, and men of the greatest distinction for talents, experience and eloquence had been chosen delegates, including Ex-Presidents Madison and Munroe, Chief Justice Marshal, and several who had been highly distinguished as members of Congress and the State Legislature, we may safely infer that this convention fairly enough represented the public opinion of Virginia, and the state of parties there in 1829 and 1830; at all events, it seems certain that if, at that time, a large and powerful emancipation party had then existed, it would have shown *some* signs of life in this convention.

And what did this convention *do* in relation to emancipation? Nothing! Not even the most distant and delusive scheme of gradualism was favoured by the convention! Nothing of the kind, or any thing like it, was even proposed to the Convention! Not one single individual of the large and powerful party of emancipation, which Dr. P. says then existed in Virginia, proposed any such thing, although the differing interests in the State, growing out of the existence of Slavery, had been, as we have seen, *the* cause of all others which led to the convention. There was not one pitiful petition even presented in favour of inserting a provision for emancipation, although Randolph asserted that some such were in preparation. These facts constitute a clear demonstration that no such party for freedom, as Dr. P. talks about, then existed. If it had, it would at least have proposed or done *something;* for then, if ever, a mighty battle for freedom was to be fought. But if no such party existed, our agitation since then cannot have paralyzed and struck it dumb.

What, however, *did* the Convention do? Of course it yielded political rights to a considerable portion of the 80,000 disfranchised free whites, for it would not have been safe to do otherwise, but every concession to Western Virginia was strenuously resisted. The committee to whom the Legislative Department of the government was referred, reported in favour of leaving the number and classification of the Senators unchanged, and of apportioning the representation in the House of Delegates upon the basis of the white population exclusively. Though this would still have given both branches of the Legislature, as things then stood, to Eastern Virginia, still, as the white population West of the Ridge, increased, as we have seen, so very much more rapidly than that East of the Ridge, it was feared that, in the course of a few years, the majority of the House of Delegates would be chosen West of the Ridge—accordingly such a result was to be prevented if possible, and the constitution, as finally adopted (art. 382), makes the House of Delegates to count of 134 members, of whom 56 are to be chosen West of the Ridge, and 78, East of the Ridge, and the Senate to consist of 32 members, 13 of whom are to be chosen West of the Ridge, and 19 East of it. In other words, the result at which the Convention arrived was to secure the ascendency of the slaveholding interest by a majority of 22 in the House and 3 in the Senate! The constitution also provides for a reapportionment of the representation in both branches of the Legislature once in ten years (art. 384), but it is provided that the number of Delegates and Senators coming, as above stated, from the two great divisions of the State, shall not be increased or diminished by such reapportionment. Not content with thus securing the ascendency of the slave interest in the Legislature, it also secured it in the Congressional Delegation, by providing (act. 386) that the representatives should be apportioned among the several counties, cities, boroughs and towns, not according to the number of free persons, but according to the Federal ratio, by which three-fifths of the slaves are to be counted. The effect of this provision was to make the 397,000 slaves East of the Ridge have as large a representative power as 235,000 free whites West of the Ridge, a greater power than two-thirds of all the whites West of the Ridge, and much more than that of all the free white males over 21! By such provisions as these did the large and powerful emancipation party in Virginia demonstrate its existence!

Still, however, though the convention thus did nothing in favour of emancipation, but, on the contrary, did considerable with openly avowed purpose of protecting the institution of Slavery, perhaps Dr P. may think, that many individual members of the convention expressed opinions in favour of emancipation. But even this last hope of showing the existence of a large and powerful emancipation party must fall to the ground! for very few delegates said anything about the matter, and not one of them expressed himself in favour of emancipation without coupling it with conditions which rendered it wholly nugatory. And how little slave *emancipation* had in the thoughts and doings of the convention, may be inferred from the fact, that out of a volume of 919 closely printed pages, *nine* would much more than suffice to contain all that was said about emancipation, for and against!

We have examined the Debates of the Convention with considerable care, and we believe that not more than sixteen out of the ninety-six delegates can, by any possibility, be considered as making any allusion to emancipation. We might, reasonably enough, expect to find advocates of freedom for the slaves in the Delegates from Western Virginia, for they knew how grievously the slaveholding interest had injured that section of the State. But alas! they were fighting only for their own political power. They were battling for their own interests and thinking nothing of the slaves. Of the thirty-six delegates West of the Ridge, only five had anything to say on the subject of emancipation, and they did anything but speak in favour of it. One of them, Mr. Lewis Summers, of Kanawha (Deb. in Conv. p. 558), "rose to *disclaim the imputation of being an Abolitionist. He was none.*" Another: Mr. Wm. Naylor, of Hampshire, having alluded to Slavery as one of the causes of the decline of Virginia, Mr. Benj. W. Leigh, of Chesterfield, ventured to suppose "that he (Mr. Taylor) would be ready to promote her prosperity by removing this cause of her decline," whereupon Mr. Naylor rose, and denied the inference which the gentleman had drawn from anything which he had said. *He deprecated the idea which had been suggested, as to the emancipation of the slaves. And he took occasion further to state, that he considered it perfectly consistent with the principles of morality and justice, situated as we are, to hold them as we now do.* Another Western Delegate was Mr. Samuel M. D. Moore, of Rockbridge, who said (Debate of Con. p. 226,) "I give it as my deliberate opinion that *although our slaves are, by nature, entitled to equal rights with the rest of the human race, and although it would be both our interest and our duty* TO SEND THEM FROM AMONGST US, IF *any practicable scheme could be suggested for effecting that object*, that yet all questions as to their rights are questions between them and ourselves exclusively. It is, moreover, my opinion, that IF *the necessity of the case does not furnish a sufficient excuse for our retaining them in servitude* (AS I HOPE IT DOES), that we are answerable for our injustice towards them, only to our own consciences, and to the Great God of all, and that no foreign people or power have a right, in any manner, under any circumstances, or under any pretence, to interfere between them and us." Another delegate, Mr. Mason, of Frederick (Ib. p. 688), made no allusion to emancipation, but thought that Western Virginia, even if it had the power, would not wish even to tax the slave property unjustly. He said, "Not that I believe there is any real ground of apprehension that it may be unjustly taxed: but its character is so peculiar, that I can well appreciate the anxiety which would place it beyond the reach of harm. It is the peculium of the South, unfortunately there, we believe; yet so long as it remains, it should be sacred in their hands. In its careful management, and delicate conversation, those who possess it have a deeper stake than the mere right of property; it is natural they should be sensitively alive to all that affects it, and far be it from me to advise any profane approach."

Mr. John R. Cooke, also of Frederick, had nothing to say in favour of emancipation, but was opposed to apportioning the representatives according to the Federal ratio—counting five slaves as three freemen. He said (Ib. p. 695), "I entered this assembly with a political creed which all the eloquence of our able opponents has not shaken, and which will continue to be my creed so long as life and consciousness remain. It is, that freemen are the sole elements out of which a republic should be formed, and that equality is the only just rule for the distribution of power among them. And while I bow to the necessity which places the enforcement of this creed in the Commonwealth of Virginia beyond the powers of the friends of reform, I would at least avoid the express recognition of a principle of representation diametrically opposite to that which I am compelled to give up as unattainable."

And these were the only representatives that were to be found of the Anti-Slavery spirit of western Virginia in 1830! Two make no allusion to emancipation—of these, Mr. Mason fully appreciated the anxiety of the slaveholders to place their property beyond reach of harm, and was far from advising any profane approach. Mr. Cooke, though fully convinced that Slavery could not exist in a republic, considered it beyond the power of the friends of reform to make Virginia such a republic. Of the three who do allude to emancipation, Mr. Summers declares himself opposed to it. Mr. Naylor, though he considered it an evil, considered its continuance both moral and just, and deprecated the idea of freedom for the slaves. And Mr. Moore, though he declared that the slaves were as much entitled to enjoy freedom as he was, condemned emancipation without colonisation, and evidently thought that the necessity of the case furnished a sufficient excuse for continuing the system. Such were the strongest utterances of Anti-Slavery truth which could issue from the lips of members of that large and powerful party of emancipation, which the Abolitionists have so completely paralyzed!

But in order to show still more clearly how utterly dead was the state of public opinion in Virginia in 1830 on the subject of emancipation, we will state the opinions expressed by some of the delegates from Eastern Virginia. Want of room alone prevents the transfer of their remarks in full.

Mr. Philip P. Barlow, of Orange, thought it wrong to apply to *slaves*, the clause in the Bill of Rights—"*All* men by nature are *equally free*"—because the constitution was not intended for their benefit. He said that by adopting the liberal meaning of the words, they would virtually declare universal emancipation, in which event (Deb. in Con. p. 91), "you might, as a natural consequence, soon expect to see, realized here, the frightful and appalling scenes of horror and desolation which were produced in St. Domingo by a declaration of much the same tenour, issued by the famous National Assembly of France."

Mr. Richard Morris, of Hanover, said that he had no fear that when these gentlemen (i. e. Western Virginia) get the power, they will pass a general emancipation law (Debates p. 116). "This thing between master and slave is one which cannot be left to be regulated by the government. Compensation for 400,000 slaves cannot be made. The matter must be left to the silent operation of natural causes."

Ex-President James Munroe, of Loudon (Ib. p. 149), said, "what can be done with this population? If you set them free, look at the condition of the Society. Emancipate them, and what would be their condition? Four hundred thousand, or a greater number of poor, without one cent of property, what would become of them? Disorganization would follow and perfect confusion. They are separated from the rest of society by a different colour: there can be no intercourse or equality between them, nor can you remove them. How is it practicable? The thing is impossible, and they must remain as poor, free from the control of their masters, and must soon fall upon the rest of the society and resort to plunder for subsistence." He condemned emancipation unless the slaves were to be removed, and considered it utterly impracticable for the State alone to remove them, and was doubtful whether it could be done even with the aid of the General Government.

Mr. Benj. W. Leigh, condemned, in toto, the idea of asking the aid of the General Government in the management of the delicate question. He alluded with contempt to "Mr. Wilberforce and the party of the Saints in England" (Debates, p. 172), and talked of Eastern Virginia resisting "to the bitter end" this transfer of power to the West"—and yet he agrees with Bishop Meade and Dr. P. in thinking that on the whites has fallen the heaviest part of the penalty of Slavery. Thus he said, "I wish, indeed, that I had been born on a land where domestic and negro Slavery is unknown—No, sir, I misrepresent myself—I do not wish so—I shall never wish I had been born out of Virginia—but I wish that Providence had spared my country this moral and political evil. It is supposed, that our slave labour enable us to live in luxury and ease, without industry, without care. Sir, the evil of Slavery is greater to the master than to the slave. He is interested in all their wants, all their distresses; bound to provide for them, to care for them, to labour for them, while they labour for him, and his labour is by no means the least severe of the two. The relation between master and slave imposes on the master a heavy and painful responsibility—but no more on this head."

In consequence of Mr. Leigh's remarks, President Munroe felt called on thus to explain his meaning (Ib. p. 175). "As to the slave population, it exists here, and whether we shall get rid of it or not, is for those who own it to decide for themselves. The States where it does not exist, must never interfere, unless authorized and invited to do it. But if the decision shall be, that they cannot be emancipated (and I could never consent that they should be unless you send them away) it is equally the interest of the non-slaveholding, as of the slaveholding States, to support the latter in their authority over their slaves. Where they are, they can never enjoy equal rights with the white population: and if emancipated, interminable war would come. If I say it shall be the sentiment of the Southern States that Slavery must continue forever, then what has passed will induce the other States to support us.

Mr. Charles F. Mercer, of London (Ib. p. 157), condemned emancipation unless accompanied with the removal of the slaves—agreed with Mr. Morris in thinking that there was no cause to fear "a sudden emancipation from any change of the present constitution," and concluded his remarks on this topic by saying, "The property of the masters will be secured by the sad necessity from which it derives its existence."

Mr. Wm. F. Gordon, of Albermarle, said (Ib. p. 144, 145), "Now, Mr. Chairman, what is the conclusion from all these facts? Plainly this: That if anybody is so wild as to be disposed that Virginia should get rid suddenly of her coloured people, the thing is impossible. They are fixed, fast rivetted upon us."

Mr. Venable, of Prince Edward, said (Ib. p. 654), "We have seen no practicable mode of removing the coloured population, nor have our brethren of the West been able to remove the mountains."

John Randolph, of Charlotte (Ib. p. 858), said, "There is nothing which so alarms me as to see the existence of the fanatical spirit on this subject of negro Slavery, as it is called, growing up in the land. Sir, we have preachers on that subject both lay and clerical. We have apostles of that faith among the laity as well as the clergy—and if it had so happened—but God in his mercy averted from our country so great a calamity—that representation had been established upon the basis of white population—my life for it—yes, all I am worth—in less than twenty years you would have seen a bill brought into the House of Burgesses for the emancipation of every slave in Virginia. Sir, I would as soon trust the Quakers of Pennsylvania as the Quakers of any county in Virginia—I would as lief trust the fanatics of Freemason's Hall, London, as any other fanatics—for fanatics, like mad men, are on a par. Yes, sir, I would as lief trust the fanatics of Freemason's Hall as the fanatics in Virginia. Sir, have you not good reason to believe—nay do you not know—that petitions were preparing for the purpose of being presented to this body on that subject? I have nothing to do with the consciences of men. The Abolitionist is as free to hold his opinions as I am to hold mine—I do not find fault with him. I impute no demerit to him for them. But I never will suffer him to put a torch to my property that he may stake it in the blood of all that are dear to me. I will arrest his hand if I can—by reason if I can—but if not, by force."

In view of these facts, it is absurd to suppose that in 1830 there were "large numbers in all parts of the South" who looked "with favour on whatever tended towards the removal of Slavery;" or that the emancipation party was a large and powerful one in any of the Southern States. In Virginia, the very State of all where, if anywhere, these opponents of Slavery must have been the most numerous, and on an occasion when they would necessarily be the most active, we find almost utter deadness to the rights of the slaves. Of the most earnest opponents of Slavery, even of those who admitted its blighting influence on the State, not a few held that necessity justified them in making Slavery perpetual. No one dreamed of emancipation without expatriation. Nearly all thought that it would be utterly impossible for the State alone to bear the expense of colonisation. And many doubted whether even the power of the Union would be adequate to the task. Still more did opinions differ on the expediency of asking or even permitting the General Government to interfere in the matter. The very foundation of Dr. P.'s objection is destroyed. The Anti Slavery sentiment which he thinks we have paralyzed or destroyed, never existed except in the imagination of Dr. P. or his informants.

At the same time we would not be understood as denying the great change in public sentiment at the South in relation to Slavery, not between 1830 and 1850 as Dr. P. seems to think, but between 1790 and 1850. We have but repeated the same denunciations of Slavery which eminent Southern men uttered fifty or sixty years ago. Now, the same class of men are either silent, or support Slavery as a blessing.

Whence the difference?

Daniel Webster will probably be admitted by Dr. P. to be a safe witness on this point. At any rate, we can hardly be suspected of any leaning towards, or sympathy with, the Abolitionists, or desire to screen them from any decently supported accusation or reproach. How much, then, does he think our agitation has had to do with this change? In his speech of the 7th of March (that speech which will cling to his name as a reproach long after everything else which he has done or said shall be buried in oblivion), wherein he took every occasion to ridicule and find fault with us, he said:

"I impute to the South no particularly selfish view in the change which has come over her. I impute to her certainly no dishonest view. All that has happened has been natural. It has followed those causes which always influence the human mind and operate upon it. What, then, have been the causes which have created so new a feeling in favour of Slavery in the South, which have changed the whole nomenclature of the South on that subject, so that, from being thought and described in the terms I have mentioned and will not repeat, it has now become an institution, a cherished institution in that quarter; no evil, no scourge, but a great religious, social, and moral blessing, as I think I have heard it latterly spoken of? I suppose this, sir, is owing to the sudden uprising and rapid growth of the COTTON plantations of the South. So far as any motive consistent with honour, justice, and general judgment could act, it was the COTTON interest that gave a new desire to promote Slavery, to spread it, and to use its labour. I again say that that was produced by causes which we must always expect to produce like effects; the whole interest of the South became connected, more or loss, with it. If we look back to the history of the commerce of this country at the early years of this government, what were our exports? Cotton was hardly, or but to a very limited extent, known. The tables will show that the exports of cotton for the years 1790 and '91 were not more than forty or fifty thousand dollars a year. It has gone on increasing rapidly, until it may now, perhaps, in a season of great product and high prices, amount to a hundred millions of dollars."

Mr. Webster does not attribute the change,* even "in part, to the influence of Mr. Calhoun," or to our destructive speech.

The Hon. Salmon P. Chase, in the speech before alluded to (p. 7), referring to this change of public sentiment at the South, said, "The Honourable Senator from Massachusetts, in the course of his late speech, noticed this change, and ascribed it to the rapid increase in the production of cotton. Doubtless, sir, this was a leading cause. The production of cotton, in consequence of the invention of the cotton gin, increased from 487,600 pounds in 1795, to 6,276,300 pounds in 1796, and continued to increase very rapidly afterwards. Of course the market value of slaves advanced, and masters were less inclined to emancipation."

"But the increase of the cotton crop was not the only, nor, in my judgment, the chief cause of altered public sentiment and governmental action. The change in the structure of the government which introduced into one branch of the Legislature, and into the electoral college, a representation for slaves, constituted, I think, a far more potent cause."

Mr. Chase, no more than Mr. Webster, attributes this change even partly to the causes which Dr. P. considers so potent.

If there be an amiable and worthy man, and one fully acquainted with the Anti-Slavery movement, it is the Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. In an article of his, reprinted from the *Christian Examiner*, we find the following conclusive testimony (suggested to us by our friend, T. W. Higginson of Newburyport).

"Maryland and Virginia abolitionism owes its decline to a similar chain of causes. For many years Slavery had been in those States an intolerable pecuniary burden. For the ordinary operations of agriculture, slave labour was well known to be less lucrative than free labour; and yet the latter could not be had, while the former was employed. Much of the cultivated land of those States was exhausted by the perpetual succession of the same crops, and it could not be improved, nor could any land be brought under cultivation, without a larger capital in human stock than owners could generally afford, or the profits of agriculture authorize. The African slave market was open till 1808, and the more Southern States could buy slaves, stolen ready grown in Africa, cheaper than they could be raised in Virginia and Maryland; and the suspension of the African slave trade left the country fully stocked, if not over-stocked, with slaves, and Southern industry remaining nearly stationary for a series of years, the slave-growing States found no regular or lucrative market for their increase—no wonder that they talked loud and long of emancipation. They were undoubtedly on the eve of decided action. But when cotton, from being little cultivated, became in a few years the great staple of the South, the demand for slaves grew large and constant, the raising of slaves for the market became the most lucrative business in the country, and Virginia and Maryland found a mine of wealth in an institution which had long been draining their resources.* What room, then, is there for surprise that public feeling in these States should have undergone an entire revulsion? And is it not much more reasonable to attribute this revulsion to mere mercenary motives operating in behalf of Slavery, than to the re-echoing from the North of the very sentiments of Washington, Jefferson and Randolph—of sentiments, which for nearly fifty years had found free and fervent utterance in the Legislature of Virginia."

Still, however, Dr. P. may say, these are mere opinions, and that his information comes from persons "acquainted with the South," and they all attribute the change mainly to the mournful agitation of the Abolitionists. Well—if the effect of our agitation has been thus to deaden the sentiment of freedom, we have done good service to the slaveholders. And in what estimation do they hold us? The mere statement of the question shows the utter absurdity of Dr. P.'s opinion. From the very outset, the slaveholders have resisted us in every possible way. They have lynched and imprisoned our agents, broken open and robbed the United States Mails in order to destroy our publications. Why? Because we were doing, as Dr. P. says, good service in crushing the sentiment of liberty? Because our harsh and destructive speech was all but annihilating the Anti-Slavery party of the South! Because our agitation was strengthening the hands of the slaveholders? No! It is the height of absurdity to suppose that the slaveholders would have treated us with such blind rage and fury, as they have done, if we were in fact all the time crushing their opponents. They have opposed us because we were doing so much to put down Slavery—and for this reason only. The Legislature of Georgia, in 1831, did not offer to give Garrison $5,000 as a token of regard for his distinguished aid in helping the slaveholders, but they offered a reward of $5,000 for the capture of a man whose bitter truth was shaking the institution of Slavery to its foundation. Senator Preston knew what he was about when he said that the slaveholders would hang the Abolitionists if they could catch them, in despite of any protection from the General Government; and so long as the slaveholders continue to regard all classes of Anti-Slavery men as their worst and bitterest enemies, we must continue to believe that even our harsh language and destructive speech is helping the cause of the slave.

Slaveholders themselves admit the effectiveness of our plan of operation. Calhoun said, Do our Southern opponents "expect the Abolitionists will resort to arms, and commence a crusade to liberate our slaves by force? Is this what they mean when they speak of the attempt to abolish Slavery? If so, let me tell our friends of the South, who differ from us, that the war which the Abolitionists wage against us, is of a very different character, and far more effective—it is waged not against our lives, but our character." "We do not believe," said, Gen. Duff Green, "that the Abolitionists intend, nor could they, if they would, excite the slaves to insurrection. The danger of this is remote. We believe that we have most to fear from the organized action upon the consciences and fears of the slaveholders themselves; from the insinuation of their dangerous heresies into our schools, our pulpits, and our domestic circles. It is only by alarming the consciences of the weak and feeble, and diffusing among our people a morbid sensibility on the question of Slavery, that the Abolitionists can accomplish their object. Preparatory to this, they are now labouring to saturate the non-slaveholding States with the belief that Slavery is a sin against God; that the National Compact involves the non-slaveholders in that sin; and that it is their duty to toil and suffer, that our country may be delivered from what they term its blackest stain, its foulest reproach, its deadliest curse." And that we have thus worked with fruit, even at the South, cannot be denied. The Hon. A. Burt, member of Congress from South Carolina says: "Since the session of Congress in 1843, Abolition has moved forward with fearful and unfaltering strides, and with a courage and constancy which scarce finds a parallel in history. . . . But, on my conscience, I believe the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the West is as deeply seated and infinitely more formidable than that of Massachusetts. . . The result of all my observation and experience is the conviction that the North's hostility to the South is this day more ferocious, more universal, more confident of its strength, and more assured of its victim than it ever was."—Even Dr. P. himself admits that "throughout the South, the question of Emancipation is brought into perpetual discussion" (Slavery in U. S., p. 14)—and that circumstances show "clearly enough not only how strong and deep is the sentiment which sets towards Emancipation, but that it exists in scarcely less strength at the South than at the North"! (ib. p. 15) —and in order to prove yet more conclusively that we have all but annihilated the hopes of the slave, he says:

"Within the whole period since the adoption of the Constitution and the abolition of Slavery in the Northern States, free institutions have never made more progress, never done more to gain a commanding place and an assurance of a final triumph, than during the last two years"! (ib. p. 34).

The Pennsylvania Freeman, which advocates the views of the American Anti-Slavery Society, has a hundred subscribers in the slave States. *The Louisville Examiner* had six hundred subscribers, and very many more attentive readers. The principles of the Buffalo platform found active supporters in all the Northern slave States, from Delaware to Missouri. Even at the polls, Mr. Van Buren was represented by an electoral ticket in several of the slave States. He received 80 votes in Delaware and 125 in Maryland, besides a few in the other States. The sentiment of freedom is not dead at the South, as Dr. P. would have us believe. Within a few days past, we had the pleasure of conversing with a noble, earnest-hearted South Carolinian, who has lived for years in Kentucky, and who has not only been deeply interested, but has also taken a leading part, in the Anti-Slavery struggle there. We asked him the question, as one "acquainted with the South," whether the action of the Abolitionists at the North had injured or retarded the cause of Emancipation, and he not only declared it to be utterly false that we had done them injury, but he said that there was fifty-fold more real Anti-Slavery principle at the South now than there was formerly. And one single fact more will suffice utterly to overthrow Dr. P.'s idea that the Emancipation party at the South is all but annihilated. By the census of 1848, there were only 8,743 owners of slaves in Kentucky. Last year, Cassius M. Clay was run for Governor on purely Emancipation grounds, and received 3,621 votes! In other words, at this very moment in Kentucky, there are nearly half as many legal voters in favour of Emancipation as there are slaveholders! Already they hold the balance of power in the State. Whichever of the two great parties they vote with is sure of success. Under these circumstances, which way is it likely the scale will turn? The whole white male population of the State, by the last census, was 392,840. The whole number of votes at the last State election was 111,997. Accordingly, the immense majority of the white men and of the legal voters in the State neither own a slave nor are interested at all in the support of the system, but are directly interested in its overthrow. Will this immense majority continue for any length of time after their eyes are once opened, to overlook their own interests, moral, intellectual and social, and side with the slaveholders? Will they not rather take part with the friends of freedom? There cannot be a doubt that the non slaveholders of the South will yet rid the land of Slavery. So far from our having struck dumb the Southern friends of freedom, and silenced and all but annihilated the party of Emancipation, our success was never more certain than it is this very day. We have partially roused the North—we have helped, instead of retarded, the efforts at the South, and we are content to labour and to wait, knowing that the day of freedom will dawn, as surely as that justice is the everlasting law of God.

* It should, however, be added, that Mr. Webster, afterwards, alludes to the debates in the Virginia House of Delegates in 1832 in relation to emancipation—and says that our agitation which, "commenced" in 1835 had rendered all such free discussion now impossible.

In the first place, Nat Turner's insurrection occurred in August, 1831—and this it was undoubtedly which led to these debates in the Legislature. It was not that any more real desire to emancipate slaves existed in 1832 than did in 1830, but fear only which led them to the consideration of the subject. Doubtless a similar cause in 1852 would lead to similar results.

In the next place, it is not true, that equally stern and uncompromising denunciations of Slavery cannot be uttered in Virginia, now, as in 1832, and with as much safety, and as little opposition as then. The Rev. Dr. Henry Ruffner, President of Lexington College, printed, in 1847, an address to the people of Western Virginia—wherein he shows the blighting influences of Slavery, as plainly and with as little compromise as Randolph or Gov. McDowell did in 1832.

Then it is to be considered, that the Virginia Legislature did nothing, in consequence of the debates. Nothing in favour of emancipation—and even the expenditures of the Colonisation Society have dwindled from $48,065.08 in 1832 to $10,947.41 in 1838.

And lastly, our agitation commenced not in 1835, but in 1831, before any of these debates in the Virginia Legislature—for if in 1831 Garrison's head was thought to be worth $5,000 to the State of Georgia, it was only because Georgia considered our agitation thus begun.

* In 1829 the value of slaves exported from Virginia was computed at $1,500,000—in 1836 at $24,000,000. We may add that the census taken proves that twice as many slaves were exported for Virginia between 1830 and 1840, as were exported between 1820 and 1830. And the value of the cotton crop of 1840 was double what it was in 1830.

Deaths.

YOUNG—In this city, on Friday last, Hon. John Young, Sub-Treasurer for this Port and ex-Governor of the State., aged 50 years.

RENSSELAER—At Albany, Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, for many years Post Master of that city.

LOON—At Albany, Peter V. Loon, a well known citizen of Albany, in the 78th year of his age.

ALLEN—At Highgate, Vt., on the 16th inst., Herman Allen Minister to Chili, under the administration of John Quincy Adams.

KIRKLAND—In Boston, 15th inst, Elizabeth C. Kirkland, aged 66 years, widow of John Thornton Kirkland, late President of Harvard University, and daughter of the late Hon. George Cabot.

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Letter from Mr. Stephens.

"REDBRAE COTTAGE, EDINBURGH.

"Sept. 30, 1851.

"MESSRS. LEONARD SCOTT & Co.—Gentlemen: I beg to say that your '

Miscellany.

LAMARTINE'S OBITUARY ON ARMAND MARRAST.

THIS morning at eleven o'clock, a modest funeral conveyance, followed by a blind brother of the departed, supported by other brothers in tears, surrounded by a cortege of friends and former colleagues, issued, without official honours, from a house of humble appearance, in one of the most plebian of the districts of Paris. This procession repaired first to the church, to receive the last benediction to the dead, and thence to a cemetery in the suburbs, where the corpse descended into the earth, without a voice, other than that of religion, being heard above the bier. There was present, however, many a head teeming with thoughts, many a heart teeming with tenderness, many a bosom teeming with words But we commend this silence about things perishable on the threshold of things eternal; it is more eloquent, and more religious than our idle harangues. There are seasons and circumstances when the roar of cannon is inaudible; there are moments when we seize the sound of a sigh.

This man, who was thus borne to his final repose, and who expired almost forgotton, and in a condition of life so near to poverty, that he left scarce wherewith to purchase his coffin's length in the field of sepulchres, held, not long since, in his hand, the power, the destiny, the public treasure of France, and was President of the Sovereign Assembly of his country.

This man was named Armand Marrast.

I attended at his sepulture, for there is something still more base than to desert adversity—it is to desert the tomb. It is this sentiment that also leads me to pen, in the name of his afflicted family, these few lines of the epitaph of a colleague. These lines will raise no controversies. Let them have an asylum from every journal not incapable of respecting grief. Party differences should vanish on the day of funerals. In the wars of thought, as in the others, there should be a truce allowed to bury the dead. Let us efface then for the time the man of politics from our breasts, and suffer to speak but the man of emotion. A coffin is a bad platform whence to talk to men of their passions and opinions—that spot where human passions and opinions have their end, and where the words we utter here below go directly to soar aloft and reverberate through the calm depths of eternity. Death obliterates, death forgives, death rallies; let us do likewise, and not judge. The temporal man is by this time in presence of a Judge more just and more merciful than we.

Armand Marrast descended from one of those families of which the antiquity in our Southern provinces constitutes the nobility; a stock apparently Spanish which sent offshoots across the Pyrenees. His mother, who still survives to mourn him, was, it is said, one of those superior women, at once by nature, by sentiment and by education, who form sons after their own image. This son himself, endowed with a prodigality of intellect, of imagination, of memory, of literary taste, of predilection for prose, poetry, music, received his primary education under an ecclesiastic in the house of his father. This teacher having been after placed at the head of the college of Orthez, took his pupil along with him to consummate his tuition. To this boy, at the age of seventeen, he committed the professorship of Rhetoric.

These precocious talents brought him to the notice of General Lamark, then a deputy from that province. The latter counselled the young professor to try his fame at Paris, and recommended him to his friends of the liberal party. This recommendation decided, to all appearance, the political destiny of the young man. He took up the creed and the passions of his first patrons. Some inconsiderate expressions of his, uttered over the body of Manuel, occasioned his exclusion from the career of public teaching. He then threw himself, in a moment of anger and with all his weapons of a man of letters, into the ranks of journalism. It was a fault and a misfortune, from which flowed, in my opinion, other subsequent faults and misfortunes.

Journalism is the hot-house of glory: it ripens in a few days, and consumes as quickly. The newspaper has the disadvantages of the tribune—it makes a great noise, but it is the noise of a day; the evening extinguishes it, the night annihilates it. Save some rare exceptions, the remains of the Journalist and the Orator are but a name, and no works. It is sad, but it is just; time has no ears for them, *because it is to what is fugitive in its passions, opinions, interests, that they address themselves. The future forgets them, because they forget the future.** How could they spare the time to think of it? They are the demigods of the moment. Spendthrifts of their destiny, they waste their wealth in small change; they are not wise enough to lay up a treasure to be found by posterity in their tomb.

Journalism has still another inconvenience. It deals in personality, it wounds at the heart it strikes at opinions. It has need of *effect* to stimulate constantly the public attention; it has to seek this *effect* in exaggerated anger, in cutting sarcasm, in insulting denunciation. It is at this cost that it draws the blood and tears of the opposite party; it is at this cost that it wins the applause and the smiles of the party it serves. Unfortunate temptation of the intellectual journalist! The pen is in hand, it glides smoothly; a portrait odious or ludicrous is hit off at a stroke, a man is wounded, a man is ruined. Repentance comes to-morrow, but it is too late!

Then the cry of his remorse is stifled, to hear but the applaudings of his vanity. Again the cruelty is repeated, and the writer is never sure of having stricken hard enough, until the adversary shrieks or groans beneath the pen. One may have been kind-hearted, and thus appear inhuman; the intention was to laugh, the effect was to kill. Thus used Aristophanes to do at Athens. Marrast was, by nature, far superior to Aristophanes. His ironies—all of talent, none of heart—were but the sportings of his vigour. His railleries were from his trade, his repentences were from his soul. I myself have been sometimes the butt of them, without ever harbouring the least resentment. His goodness punished him sufficiently for the exuberance of his wit.

He wrote at first in the *Tribune*, a journal too like a pamphlet. He expatiated his excesses in the prisons. He escaped them with the audacity and dexterity of a captive who sports with locks. Having taken refuge in England, he married there and waited an amnesty. The death of Carrel—that French Junius—gave him the conduct of the *National*. It is well-known what he made it—a daily master-piece of railleries, of sarcasms, of parliamentary portraitures, of political justice and injustice, often of atticism, sometimes of statesmanship. Unfortunately this master-piece is in scattered leaves—ask them of the winds.

It was no longer time; the revolution knocked at the parliament doors for entrance into a Republic, the throne was vacated by the retreat of the King beyond Paris, the Chambers violated, fire-arms piled in the public squares; a half-way measure could now be but a short suspension of hostilities, sure to be followed by a struggle the more bloody; an intestine struggle, organized in the government itself, between the victors still unsatisfied and the vanquished as little resigned. A frank and decided course alone responded to the circumstances and could alone succeed in preserving society; a truce was possible but in a Republic. This was demonstrated; Marrast saw it and took a place in the government.

Let us draw the cutain over this government, or rather over this truce, which is termed the Provisional Government. It has these four years back been the butt of controversy, of resentments deserved or not, of invective to every one disposed to assail it. I shall not seek to rescue it. If there be, one day, for this government, justice, impartiality, indulgence or glory, it will find them but where Marrast is gone to seek them—in the tomb. But since every trial stands in need of witnesses, let me, too, depose my testimony in the solemn presence of the calumniated clay which we have just entombed. "During the whole existence of this difficult government, placed on every precipice which could occasion his slipping into the excesses of victory or the excesses of weakness—Marrast showed himself the reverse of what might be augured from his impetuosity of intellect and mobility of character—he showed himself *moderate* and *unswerving* in his moderation. It was the character of his every hour, and in the number there were tragic hours, wherein it was requisite to expose life in order to save conscience. Such is the truth. I aver it before God and before men. He has since been robbed of his glory, earned by many a toilsome day, by many a sleepless night; he has been robbed of his character, of his courage, of his disinterestedness, of his very probity! But death restores him all."

Marrast quitted public life for a moment, after the meeting of the Constituent Assembly. He re-entered it after the days of June as representive of Paris. He was reporter of the Constitution, a little after, President of the Assembly. He here unfolded another power of his intellect—that of governing an Assembly by means of its own self-respect, and of swaying it by respecting it.

The Constitution once in operation, he fell into public ingratitude. To this he was resigned, and even felt it with the satisfaction of one who expected from humanity but what humanity has to give. He wrapped himself in his oblivion and obscurity as with an historical vestment which well becomes the vanquished, and which is no more put off until exchanging it for the shroud. Poverty answered for his conscience. He did not even parade it, like the Cynical Athenian, by a pride which would be superior to another pride. He concealed it, he combated it by labour and resignation. His death has been ascribed to the sadness of a fallen ambition. This is another calumny. His heart was broken before his fall or his elevation. Obscurity became his disposition. He loved solitude and leisure; he had, like a child, something of merriment that sported with his misery—like an old man, something of repose which looks to eternity for requital. He felt his night approaching before his evening, and he accustomed himself to the tomb by solitude and even separation from his friends.

We have just laid him in this last bed, amid a tearful and respectful people. This attitude of the spectators before a grave redeems many an injustice and many a levity of popular opinion. France has some villainous years, but she has also sublime moments. She is dust, it is true, sometimes; but this dust is never mire!

May his soul repose in peace! may his family be consoled, and his country not be forgetful! He leaves behind him the sole edifice which it is given to the longest life to erect upon the earth, I mean a name. This name has been attached by accident to a brief time, but to great things; and of all those great things, he perhaps, has done, the most difficult—he has touched a revolution, without staining his hands therein with a drop of blood, an atom of spoil, or a single tear!

And yet he dies fallen, you say! It is true. He believed in God and in the people. The people have deceived him; God will not deceive him. Let us pray for his soul.—*Translated for the Mirror.*

A LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

WE announced, last week, the death of Johnson Jex, the learned blacksmith of Letheringsett. He was the son of William Jex, a blacksmith, and was born at Billingford, in this county, in or about the year 1778. In his boyhood he was sent to a day-school, but he has often been heard to say that although he was *sent* off to school for years, he never *went* three months in his life. He frequently walked to Foulsham instead, to look in at the shop-window of Mr. Mayes, a watchmaker, who resided there. He did not learn to read or write at school, but taught himself afterwards. His mechanical talent manifested itself at a very early age. With regard to Jex's first experiment in clock-work, the following anecdote is related. When about twelve or thirteen years of age, a watchmaker went to his mother's house to clean her clock. Jex watched him while he took it to pieces, cleaned the works, and put them together again. No sooner had he left than the boy determined to try whether he could not do the same. He at once went to work, and completed his task with all the skill and exactitude of an experienced hand (he did not mention this occurrence till several years afterwards). From that time he began to turn his attention to watch and clock-making, and eventually attained great excellence in the art. When about thirteen years old, he became acquainted with Mr. Mayes, of whom mention has been made. Mr. Mayes's attention was first attracted towards Jex, by frequently observing him look in his window. He at length asked him what he wanted. Jex replied that he wished to see *that thing* (pointing to a newly-invented instrument for either clock or watch making). Mr. Mayes showed it to him, but did not allow him to touch it. Jex declared that "he could make one like it," and he accordingly did so in about a month. Mr. Mayes was delighted with the talent and ingenuity displayed by the boy, and from that time took great pleasure in showing him anything connected with his business. At his death he left Jex a legacy of $50, as a proof of the high esteem he entertained for him. In his early life, Jex was by no means robust in health, and he afterwards declared his belief that working at the bout hammer, at the blacksmith's anvil, had been the means of strengthening his constitution and saving his life. Some particulars of Jex's early history are given in Young's "General View of the Agriculture of Norfolk." We subjoin the following extract, written about the year 1802:

"Under the head 'Implements,' I must not conclude without mentioning a person of most extraordinary mechanical talents. Mr. Jex, a young blacksmith at Billingford, at sixteen years of age, having heard that there was such a machine as a way-measurer, he reflected by what machinery the result could be produced, and set to work to contrive one; and the whole was his own invention. It was done as might be expected, in a roundabout way, a motion too accelerated, corrected by additional wheels, but throughout the complicity such accurate calculations were the basis of his work, that, when finished and tried, it was perfectly correct without alteration. His inventive talents are unquestionable. He has made a machine for cutting watch-pinions, a depthening tool, a machine for cutting and finishing watch-wheel teeth, of his own invention, a clock-barrel and fusee engine, made without ever-seeing anything of the kind. He made a clock, the teeth of the wheels of which were cut with a hack-saw, and the balance with a half-round file. He has made an electric-machine, and a powerful horse-shoe magnet. Upon being shown, by Mr. Munnings, a common barrow-drill, the delivery by a notched cylinder, he invented and wrought an absolutely new delivery; a brass cylinder, with holes, having moveable plugs governed by springs which clear the holes or cups, throwing out the seed of any size with great accuracy; and not liking the application of the springs on the outside of the cylinder, reversed the whole; and in a second, now making, placed them most ingeniously within it."

Shortly after Young's notice of him was written, Jex removed to Letheringsett, near Holt, where he worked as a common blacksmith till within the last thirty years. Since that time, he employed workmen in the practical part of the business, but he continued till his decease to live in the house adjoining the blacksmith's shop. The first watch ever constructed by Jex was made after he had settled at Letheringsett, for his friend, the Rev. T. Munnings, of Gorget, near Dereham. *Every part of this watch, including the silver face, and every tool employed in its construction, were of Jex's own making* One of the greatest efforts of Jex's inventive powers, was the construction of a gold chronometer, with what is technically termed a "*detached escapement*," and compensating balance, which was made long before he ever heard of the "detached escapement," the principle of which has since been so successfully applied by Arnald and Earnshaw. Jex turned the jewels himself, made the cases, the chain, the mainspring, and indeed every part of the watch, except the dial. The very instruments with which he executed this wonderful piece of mechanism were of his own workmanship. It is only by watchmakers themselves that this triumph of skill can be adequately appreciated. *They* know that no single man is ever employed to make a complete chronometer, but that different parts of the mechanism are intrusted to different hands, and that many are employed upon a single watch. This watch is now in possession of Mr. Blakeley, of Norwich. Such was Jex's thirst for information, and such was his resolution to clear away every obstacle which impeded his progress, that, wishing to read some French works of Horology, he mastered, *unassisted*, the French language, when about sixty yearty of age! He then read the books in question, but found that they contained nothing which was new to him, he having become thoroughly acquainted with the subject by previous study of English authors. Another of Jex's inventions was a lathe of extraordinary power and ingenuity, which remained in his possession until death. By means of this lathe, he was enabled to cut the teeth of wheels, mathematically correct, into any number, even or odd, up to two thousand, by means of a dividing plate. He also constructed a lathe or a minute scale for turning diamonds, which is very complicated in its structure. He likewise invented an air-tight furnace-door for his own greenhouse, so constructed that the fire would keep lighted from Saturday night till Monday morning, thus obviating the necessity of attending to it on Sunday. About ten years ago, he invented a method of opening greenhouse windows to any required width, and so fastened that the wind has no power over them. Jex was also an iron and brass founder, a glass-blower, a maker of mathematical instruments, barometers, thermometers, gun-barrels, air-guns, &c. Jex understood electricity, galvanism, electro-magnetism, &c., and had a thorough knowledge of chemistry as far as the metals are concerned. Amongst other sciences, Jex understood astronomy, and could calculate the time by the fixed stars. In taking astronomical observations, he was accustomed to make use of his own doorposts and a chimney opposite. He made telescope and *metallic reflectors*, which are universally acknowledged to be extremely difficult of construction. He was naturally a timid man, and excessively afraid of contagion; yet he lived in a state of filth which was almost sufficient of itself to generate disease. He never allowed a woman to enter his house for the sake of cleaning it, and his rooms consequently contained the accumulated dust of years. His disposition was shy and retiring, but whenever he met with any one whose tastes were similar to his own, he would converse for hours, with the greatest delight, on any subject connected with the arts and sciences. He was a man of the strictest integrity, and unimpeachable veracity. He was entirely destitute of the love of money, and sought out truth for its own sake, and with no view to any personal gain. Such an example is rare indeed in this grasping and selfish age. He was kind in his manner to the poor, and rarely sent a mendicant away without relief. In 1845, Jex had a stroke of paralysis, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. His intellect gradually lost much of its original power, and, the last year or two especially, a very marked alteration was perceptible. He was again attacked with paralysis, in November last, and his death took place on the 5th of March. His remains are interred in Letheringsett churchyard.—*Norfolk (Eng.) News.*

[FOR THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.]

Ode to Labour.

BY LUCY A. COLBY.

I roved in spirit wide around
Beneath the blue o'erarching skies,
And everywhere I heard the sound,
The ceaseless din of toil arise.

On sunny slopes the shepherd swains
Were tending flocks—a pleasing sight!
From harvest-fields the loaded wains
Went slowly toiling home at night.

Amid the forest's ancient gloom
The axeman's blows resounded far,
And in the factory, wheel and loom
Kept up their loud, unceasing jar.

Deep in the mountain's wealthy cave
The miner wrought in vague alarm,
Far off upon the briny wave
The sailor toiled in storm and calm.

The student, pale with thought, at night
Was bending o'er the lettered page,
And learning, by his waning light
The wisdom of a bygone age.

The poet wandered by the stream,
And in the hoary woods sublime,
Descanting on his glowing theme—
The promise of a better time.

I looked: and following in their train
Lo! Plenty came with noiseless tread,
And for their hours of toil and pain
Her bounteous gifts around them spread.

And then I blessed thee, hard and stern
Although thou art, O Labour! when
I saw the fruit of toil return
And cluster round the hearts of men!

A FEW MIRACLES.

WHATEVER may be the merit of certain disputes, which have agitated the mind of man from the first time that reason and speech enabled him to wrangle with his neighbour, there can be no doubt that implicit belief is the most ready settler of any such disputes. A man who believes that the same thing can be in two places at once, has a *material* (we use the term in more than one sense) advantage over the stickler for specific locality. A man who believes his own eyes, is sometimes uncourteously forced to disbelieve his neighbour's tongue; and then disputes arise, books are written, and no mortal dare say what page of remote history will chronicle the end of a dispute.

Our esteemed and pleasant friend, Mr. Hobby-horse, is a striking instance of the delight and comfort experienced by a person who simply believes everything. He weeps over forgotten superstitions relative to throwing salt over the left shoulder of the hapless spiller; passing under ladders, mysterious information on the subject of death communicated by ticking where there are no clocks, and correspondence prognosticated in tallow candles. He is, in short, an enlightened convert to the nursery creed. When he cannot believe anything, it is quite painful to him. The remembrance of the middle ages makes him loathe carpets, city churches, intelligible church music, and figures resembling anything human, with a pious, yet entertaining and pleasantly-expressed abhorrence.

But Mr. Hobbyhorse never tries to make converts. He only believes; and in this respect he has the advantage over a great many much greater enthusiasts in the cause of credulity. Nevertheless, chatting casually about miracles the other day, on our expressing our moderate, qualified, and roundly-asserted disbelief in the whole of the post-Apostolic works of that description, Will pointed quietly to certain volumes lying on a side table, laid his hand emphatically on his breast, and bade us read.

Reverentially, and with no small eagerness, did we approach these volumes. Most of them were histories of our own little steam-engine, tunnel-cutting, Exhibition-rearing isle; telling stories of its doings even when the excavations formed dwellings for its inhabitants, when wolves were not confined to "Mayor's Spelling-book," and when an ancient Briton presented an appearance that would have provoked liberal offerings from Baker Street or Egyptian Hall. All the early feuds that set kings, and priests, and barons, and serfs (there were few *people* then!) by the ears—all the intrigues, cheatings, grudges, that marked its gradual approach to civilization; here they were, chronicled in lively, grotesque, quaint, and, above all, believing language. But the miracles were the best part of all. We wondered we had ever wondered before, and we could not resist transcribing a few.

On the eve of the Nativity, in a certain town of Saxony, named Colewic, wherein was a church sacred to the manes and rest of Magnus the Martyr, the first mass had begun with all due solemnity, when on a sudden fifteen men and three women commenced dancing in the churchyard, enlivening their footsteps and marking the time by certain songs, neither remarkable for the propriety of words nor solemnity of the melody. Presbyter Robert could not hear himself speak. In vain he besought them to be quiet: the noise only increased, and the service came to a dead stand. The good priest, wound up to despair, cursed the whole company with a wish, "that they might go on singing for a whole year."

Morbid as may have been the passion for dancing under which these unfortunate victims laboured, they probably never bargained for keeping up the amusement so long, or getting "breathed" so thoroughly. However, they all fell dancing and dancing, and so on throughout the year The son of the priest seized his sister's arm, and tried to stop her, but tore off her arm in the attempt: not a drop of blood followed. Had Shylock been capable of such a piece of surgery, he would have got his pound of flesh in spite of Portia or the Duke.

On they went dancing and dancing. The rain fell not upon them, nor did hunger, thirst or fatigue assail them; even their clothes and shoes shared in the excitement, and refused to wear out. First they sank into the ground up to their knees, then to their thighs, and at length a covering was built over them to shield off the rain.

At the year's end this singing and dancing ceased, and Herbert, Bishop of Cologne, pronounced the absolution which was to free them from what was already over, and made an attempt to reconcile them to the offended St. Magnus. Nevertheless, the daughter of the priest, with the two other women, died immediately; the rest slept three whole days and nights; some died afterwards, and, like a good many other malefactors, became famed for miracles. Paralysis and trembling of the limbs was the lingering and self-attesting punishment of the rest.—*William of Malmesbury*, book ii., chap. 10; *Roger de Wendover*, A.D. 1012.

In the year of grace 1200, there came a letter from heaven to Jerusalem, which was hung over the altar of St. Simeon in Golgotha, and before it the faithful prostrated themselves for the number (usual on such occasions) of three days and as many nights, and never thinking of opening it until the third hour of the third day, when the patriarch and the archbishop devoutly opened it, and read an awful warning, in which God denounced their neglect of the Saobath day, and declared that he had hitherto spared them only out of respect for the prayers and intercessions of the Virgin and the holy angels. Upon this the clergy determined to send preachers into every land, setting forth the purport of this letter, denouncing its threats against the disobedient, and working miracles in confirmation of what they preached. Among those who distinguished themselves chiefly in the latter respect, Eustace, the Abbot of Haye, set out for England, and commenced preaching in a town called Wi, near Dover. In the neighbourhood of that place was a spring, which the said Eustace did endow with such redoubtable virtues, that, by its taste alone, as of old by the pool of Bethesda, the blind saw, the lame walked, the dumb spake, the deaf heard, and the sick who drank in faith, were restored to health. It so happened that a certain woman, possessed of, the author says, he does not know how many devils, and mightily swollen and distended with dropsy, did, on a certain day, resort to Eustace for advice touching her health, spiritual and bodily. Even as the prophet of old spake unto Naaman, so quoth Eustace: "Be of good heart, daughter mine, and hie to the spring at Wi, which the Lord hath blessed. Drink of it in faith, and be whole." The woman departed, and did the priest's bidding. And, lo! straightway, as she had drunk of the blessed spring, she broke out into a fit of vomiting; and, while many who had come on a like errand beheld, there fell from her two great black toads, who, to the end that their devilship might be set forth and approved beyond doubt, were transformed to two great black dogs, and, afterwards to asses. The woman stood astonished, but shortly ran after them in a rage, wishing to catch them; but the keeper of the spring, who right well did understand its virtues, sprinkled some of its water between the woman and the asses, upon which they forthwith flew up in the air and disappeared, leaving behind them traces of their foul and filthy nature.—*Roger of Wendover*, A.D. 1200.

About the same time, when the same warning was going forth throughout the world, a certain poor laundress living at Norfolk, despite the warnings of the Man of God, went, on a certain Saturday, at three o'clock, to wash clothes. Whilst hard at work, a man with a hoary beard and venerable countenance, whom she had never seen before, approached her, and, in reproaching terms, inquired how she had dared to wash clothes after three o'clock, and thus by unlawful toil to profane the holy Sabbath, after the warning she had received. She pleaded poverty, and said that, wretched and laborious as had been her life up to that time, she would be deprived of the means of existence, and bereft of her now miserable pittance, if she desisted from labour. Her mysterious visitor disappeared, and the poor laundress toiled on, washing, wringing and drying the clothes more eagerly than ever. But a terrible vengeance ensued; a small black pig stuck fast to the woman's left breast, and could by no strength be forced away; by continual sucking it drew away her blood and her strength. At length, brought down to utter exhaustion, the poor creature was compelled to beg from door to door, until, in the sight of many, a miserable death closed her life of toil and starvation.—*Roger de Wendover, ibid.*

But there is a yet more wonderful story, which doth, in a marvellous wise, attest the politeness and respect which one saint hath towards his brother in holiness. During the time when the Danes vexed England, and our good King Alfred with much ado succeeded in dislodging them, the bodies of many saints had been removed from their original sepulchres, in order to be conveyed to abodes of greater safety. Second to none in the whole calendar was St. Martin, venerated, saith Sidonius Appollinaris, throughout the whole of the wide earth; was removed to Auxerre by the clergy of his church, and placed in the church of St. Germain. Here his body, in which, though dead and food for worms, virtue did still exist, worked many and wondrous miracles, curing the sickness and infirmity of all who resorted to his shrine, and bestowing grace upon the souls of all his worshippers. Whereupon, those who were so greatly benefitted did, out of gratitude, contribute much of their worldly goods to reward the care of those who had brought the saint's body among them. But there arose a dispute between the people of Auxerre and the Tironais, about the great wealth that had flowed in from those who sought the aid of St. Martin. The Tironais laid claim to the whole, because their saint had called together the contributors by his miracles; the natives, on the other hand, asserted that St. Germain was not a whit behind the other in merit and in the will to do good. While granting, then, that both saints were equal, they maintained that the prerogative of their church ought to be respected. To solve this, a leprous person, wasted to mere skin and bone, and nearly at the last gasp, was placed between the bodies of the two saints. All human watching or interference was carefully prevented during the whole night; and, marvellous to relate, in the morning the skin of the man on his side that lay nearest Martin's corpus appeared clear and healthy, while that on the side turned towards Germain was discoloured and deformed as usual. Thus did the glory of St. Martin predominate. But, lest the miracle should be ascribed to chance, they turned the yet diseased side of the leper towards the same saint; and, in the morning, he appeared whole and sound, as though he had never been defiled with leprosy. And herein was set forth not only the great and wondrous power of St. Martin, but likewise the complaisance of St. Germain; who, albeit, no doubt, possessed of fully equal power with his brother saint, yet, for that he was a stranger and visitor, did ill like to interfere in his cure; and like as a physician doth oftentimes say of the surgeon that he hath done all things aright, and doth decline interfering, so did St. Germain abstain from working a miracle, to the end that St. Martin might gain the more credit thereby. And not only did St. Martin gain much credit, but his followers did gain much money, both then and afterwards, until they were restored, by the return of peace, to their former residence.—*William of Malmesbury*, book ii., chap. 4.

In the year 681, Mummolus, abbot of the monastery of Fleury, being divinely admonished, sent his monk, Argulf, to Mount Cassino, to fetch thence the body of the most holy Benedict; who, with his sister Scolastica, had been buried in one coffin.

Directed by similar information from above, Argulf, in company with some devotees (whom he had met on a similar errand in quest of St. Scolastica), brought the bones of both the saints in a basket; and, having brought them as far as a place called Neufoi, about a mile distant from the monastery of Fleury, the Abbot Mummolus received them with pious care, and placed the basket in the church of St. Peter, prince of the Apostles. While taking out the bones, he separated them carefully from each other, placing the large bones in one pile, the small ones in another. Just as he had finished separating the bones of St. Benedict from those of St. Scolastica, two dead bodies, the one of a male, the other of a female, were brought for burial; when, wondrous to tell, on the larger bones being placed on the corpse of the male, he straightway was restored to life, by the merits of the ever-blessed St. Benedict. In like manner, when the smaller bones were placed on the body of the female she immediately returned to life.—*Roger of Wendover*, A.D. 681.

St. Swithin, who died in the year 862, sate, once upon a time, with some workmen, by the bridge of the City of Winchester, encouraging them in their labours by his presence and his holy conversation. A market-woman chanced to pass, with some eggs for sale, on her way into the city. The workmen made a crowd, jeering and hooting around her, and insolently broke all her eggs. The good bishop heard the cries of the poor woman, made the sign of the Cross over the eggs, and they became whole and sound as before.—*Roger of Wendover*, A.D. 862.

In the year 910, Rollo, the Norman chief, attacked the town of Chartres, hoping to take it by a sudden assault. After several attempts had been made, the citizens despairing of being able to withstand the besiegers much longer, gave themselves up to prayer, and erected on the highest part of the walls, by way of standard, the nether garment of the Virgin Mary, which Charlemagne had brought from Jerusalem, and had placed in the monastery of the Virgin in their city. Rollo and his followers laughed heartily, and went on as briskly as ever. But, that the power of the Mother of God might tame the rash boastfulness, and silence the jeering of the infidels, Rollo and his men were suddenly seized with a great and sudden panic, and hastily abandoning their arms and war-engines, they took to flight in utter confusion. The town's people then gave pursuit, and slew many thousands of them with the edge of the sword, compelling Rollo himself to fly to Rouen, beaten and confounded.—*Roger of Wendover*, A.D. 910.

In the year A.D. 651, the holy Bishop Aidan fell sick, whilst tarrying not far from Bamborough, in Northumberland; but to the end that he might still continue his pious exhortations, the people set up a tent for him, close to the wall at the west end of the church. It so happened, that, feeling faint and sick unto death, he leaned against a post that served as a buttress to the walls, and gave up the ghost. Finan succeeded him.

Some years after, Penda, king of the Mercians, coming into these parts with a vast and ravaging horde of barbarian soldiers, spread desolation everywhere before him with fire and sword, and burned down the church where the bishop Aidan had died. But the post against which he had leaned, as he breathed his last, could in no wise be destroyed by the flames. In consequence of this miracle, the church was speedily rebuilt, and that very post was placed against the outside as before. Some time after, the village and church were burned a second time, yet did that post stand stanch and unblackened by the flames; and when, in a manner wondrous to behold, the fire broke through the very holes in it where with it was fixed to the building, and destroyed the church, it could do no hurt to the post. When, therefore, the church was a third time built, they did not, as before, place that post on the outside, as a support, but within, as a memorial of the miracle; and the people coming in used to kneel down before the post, and implore God's mercy. And since then, many have been healed in divers manners; and ships that have been cut off from that post, and put into water, have had a like virtue over many distempers.—*Bede, Hist. Anglic.*, book iii., chap. 17.

St. Wulfric, who had given up his younger days to hounds and hawks, was at length converted; and so great was his austerity in habits, and earnestness in mortifying his fleshly inclinations, that he oftimes at night would plunge into a bath of cold water, and there repeat the Penitential Psalms. He had worn a common shirt of sackcloth; but, to the end that he might more vigorously make a campaign against the desires of this world and of the flesh, he craved of a certain knight, William, the lord of his village, a coat of mail.

William gladly gave him the mail-shirt; but Wulfric found that it struck against his knees, and prevented his constant genuflexions. Then he invited unto him the knight, in whom he confided, and told him touching the length of the mail-shirt. "It shall be sent to London," answered the knight, "and indented in any way you choose." Quoth the man of God, "That would cause too long a delay, and might be thought done for ostentation's sake. Take these shears, in God's name, and perform the work with thine own hand." Thus saying, he placed in the knight's hands a pair of shears, which he had brought from the knight's own house; and seeing him hesitate, as though he thought the hermit's senses were rambling, he continued: "Be bold, and linger not. I will to the Lord, and pray touching this business; meanwhile do thou cut bravely." And so the two were busily employed—the one praying, and the other cutting—and the work prospered right well; for the knight felt as though he were cutting cloth, not iron, so readily did the shears sever it; but when the man of God ceased praying, the knight, who had not yet finished his work, could cut no longer. Wulfric came up, and asked him how he had succeeded. "Right well," answered the knight "so far; but now, that you are come, the shears have cease to cut." "Fear not," quoth the hermit, "cut on as you have begun, with the same shears." The knight, resuming confidence, finished his work with the same ease as before, and smoothed off the uneven parts without any difficulty. And, from that time forth, the man of God, without any shears, and with his fingers only, but with no less faith, used to distribute rings of the coat of mail, by the which all those who asked in charity were healed.—*Roger of Wendover*, A.D. 1154.

The good King Oswald, who would oftentimes send the dishes away from his own royal table, before he had partaken of them, in order that the poor might be fed and comforted therewith, was ever dispensing alms, and bestowing wholesome and pious instruction among his subjects. When he was slain by the merciless conqueror, Penda, his arms, with the hands, and his head, were cut off by the infuriated victor, and fixed on a stake, the dead trunk being laid to rest in the calm bosom of the earth, turning into its native dust; but the arms and hands which had dispensed so many alms, do remain to this day perfect, though the rest of the body—the bones only excepted—have mouldered into dust.—*William of Malmesbury*, book i., chap. 3.

St. Edmund the Martyr, king of England, was a man devoted to God, and never, through the effeminacy of the times, did he relax his virtue and wholesome discipline. Hingwar and Hubba, two leaders of the Danes, who had come over to ravage the provinces of the Northumbrians and East Angles, seized the unresisting king, who had cast away his arms, and was lying on the ground in prayer; and, having fastened him to a tree, they shot him to death with arrows, and cruelly beheaded him. But the purity of his past life was set forth by unheard-of miracles. His head had been cast away by the Danes, and was hidden in a thicket. Whilst his subjects, who had tracked the footsteps of the enemy, as they departed, were seeking it, intending to sclemhise the funeral rites of their king, by the interposition of God, the lifeless head uttered a voice, inviting all who were in search of it to approach. A wolf—a beast ever wont to prey upon dead bodies—was holding it in his paws, and guarding it, untouched; and the same beast, after the manner of a tame creature, quietly followed the bearers to the tomb, and neither did nor received any harm.

When the sacred body of the martyr king was committed to the earth, turf was placed over it, and a wooden chapel of trifling cost erected over the remains. But soon did the merits of the departed saint manifest themselves after a wondrous fashion. Certain thieves, who had endeavoured to break into the church by night, he bound with invisible bands. This took place in their very attempt; and a right pleasant and diverting spectacle it was, to see the plunder hold fast the thief, so that he could neither give up the attempt, nor complete his design. Therefore did Theocred, bishop of London, do more fitting honour to the remains of the pious king, building a nobler edifice over those sacred limbs, which did well show the glory of his unspotted soul, by their surprising soundness, and their delicate milk-white hue. One further circumstance doth indeed surpass human miracles, to wit, that the hair and nails of the dead king continued to grow: and these, Oswen, a holy woman, used yearly to clip and cut, that they might be relics for the veneration of posterity. Truly this was a holy boldness, for a woman to contemplate and handle limbs superior to the whole of this world.—*William of Malmesbury*, book ii., chap. 13.

Of a like nature is the miracle which happened when the body of St. Hugh was being solemnly interred at Lincoln. A certain thief, taking advantage of the press and crowd of people assembling around the remains of this servant of God, cut away a woman's purse; but, by the merits of the blessed bishop, who showed that, though life had quitted his body, virtue had not departed out of him, both the hands of the wicked thief were so contracted, and his fingers so firmly fixed to the palms of his hands, that, quite unable to hold the property he had stolen, he let it fall on the pavement, and, standing aghast and terrified, he was as one stricken with madness. While the people looked on, and mocked him with derision, he came to himself, and stood motionless. At length he began to weep bitterly; and, while all listened, he confessed the crime he had attempted to perpetrate. Then, turning to the priest, he exclaimed, "Pity, pity me, ye friends of God; for I renounce Satan and his works, to whom I have till now been a slave; and pray to the Lord for me, that he may not confound me in my penance, but may deal mercifully with me." And when prayer had been made for him, the chains of Satan, by which his hands were bound, were loosed; and, being made whole, he returned thanks to God and to the blessed bishop.—*Roger of Wendover*, A.D. 1200.

A little boy who went to school with the curate of the parish, amused himself, one day, jumping over the tomb of St. Rigobert, outraging his God and his Saviour. To the end that the merits of Rigobert might be known, and that a like audacity might not again take place, the boy's foot was instantly stricken, so that he became lame, and lost the use of one of his feet. This is why the curate caused a barrier to be placed around the tomb, fearing lest some one in ignorance might run the risk of a like punishment.—*Histoire de l'Eglise de Reims*, lib. ii., chap. 14, in *Bibliotheque de Poche*, vol. iv., p. 140.

And so much, reader, for "a few miracles." Perhaps your more recent experience may add a few to the list—*Dickens' Household Words.*

BELIEF OF THE AUSTRALIAN TRIBES.—Neither at Cape York, nor in any of the islands of Torres Strait, so far as I am aware, do the aborigines appear to have formed an idea of the existence of a Supreme Being. The absence of this belief may appear questionable, but my informant, Gi'om, spoke quite decidedly on this point, having frequently made it the subject of conversation with the Kowrarega blacks. The singular belief in the transmigration of souls, which is general among the whole of the Australian tribes, so far as known, also extends to the islands of Torres Strait. The people holding it, imagine that, immediately after death, they are changed into white people or Europeans, and as such pass into the second and final period of their existence; nor is it any part of this creed that future rewards and punishments are awarded. It may readily be imagined that when ignorant and superstitious savage tribes, such as those under consideration, were first visited by Europens, it was natural for them to look with wonder upon beings so strangely different from themselves, and so infinitely superior in the powers conferred by civilization, and to associate so much that was wonderful with the idea of supernatural agency At Darnley Island, the Prince of Wales Islands, and Cape York, the word used to signify a white man also means ghost. The Cape York people went so far as to recognise in several of our officers and others in the ship, the ghosts of departed friends to whom they might have borne some fancied resemblance, and, in consequence, under the new names of Tamu, Tarka, &c. they were claimed as relations, and entitled to all the privileges of such. Among many superstitions held by the Prince of Wales Islanders, they were much afraid of shooting stars, believing them to be ghosts which in breaking up produce young ones of their own kind After sneezing, they make violent gestures with the hands and arms; if a joint cracks, they imagine that some one is speaking of them or wishing them well in the direction in which the arm is pointing. The only tradition which I heard of occurs among the Kowrarega, and is worth mentioning for its singularity. The first man created was a great giant named Adi, who while fishing off Hammond Island, was caught by the rising tide and drowned, Hammond Rock springing up immediately after to mark the spot. His wives, who were watching him at the time, resolved to drown themselves, and were changed into some dry rocks upon an adjacent reef named after them, Ipile, or the wives.—*Voyage of H. M. S. Rattlesnake.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

ALARMING!—*Hairdresser.* "They say, sir, the Cholera's in the hair, sir!"

Gent., very uneasy. "Indeed! ahem! Then I hope you're very particular about the brushes you use."

Hairdresser. "Oh! I see you don't understand me, sir. I don't mean the 'air of the 'ed, but the hair hof the hatmosphere!"—*Punch.*

——THE DOWAGER QUEEN OF DENMARK.—The *Fadrelandet* announces the decease of the Dowager Queen Maria Sophia Frederika, who was born a Princess of Hesse Cassel, and who died on the 22nd inst., at the age of 84 years. She was born on the 28th of October, 1767, and married to King Frederic VI., on the 31st of July, 1790.

——THE MOTHER OF GARIBALDI.—The *Genoa Gazette* qoutes the following, dated Nice,